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VALENTINES TO ORDER.

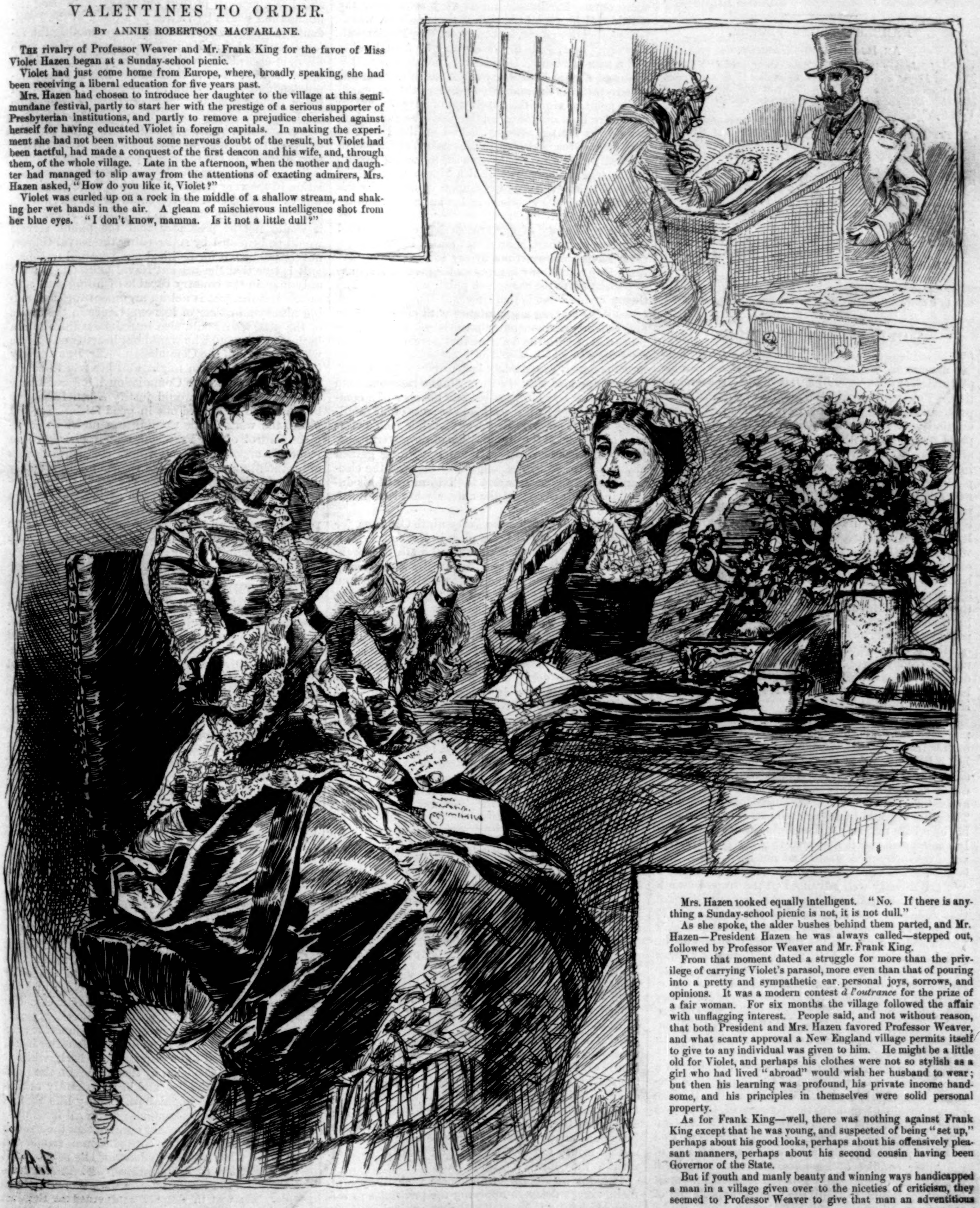
BY ANNIE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE.

THE rivalry of Professor Weaver and Mr. Frank King for the favor of Miss Violet Hazen began at a Sunday-school picnic.

Violet had just come home from Europe, where, broadly speaking, she had been receiving a liberal education for five years past.

Mrs. Hazen had chosen to introduce her daughter to the village at this semimundane festival, partly to start her with the prestige of a serious supporter of Presbyterian institutions, and partly to remove a prejudice cherished against herself for having educated Violet in foreign capitals. In making the experiment she had not been without some nervous doubt of the result, but Violet had been tactful, had made a conquest of the first deacon and his wife, and, through them, of the whole village. Late in the afternoon, when the mother and daughter had managed to slip away from the attentions of exacting admirers, Mrs. Hazen asked, "How do you like it, Violet?"

Violet was curled up on a rock in the middle of a shallow stream, and shaking her wet hands in the air. A gleam of mischievous intelligence shot from her blue eyes. "I don't know, mamma. Is it not a little dull?"



VIOLET COMPARES THE VALENTINES.—DRAWN BY ALFRED FREDERICS.

Mrs. Hazen looked equally intelligent. "No. If there is anything a Sunday-school picnic is not, it is not dull."

As she spoke, the alder bushes behind them parted, and Mr. Hazen—President Hazen he was always called—stepped out, followed by Professor Weaver and Mr. Frank King.

From that moment dated a struggle for more than the privilege of carrying Violet's parasol, more even than that of pouring into a pretty and sympathetic ear personal joys, sorrows, and opinions. It was a modern contest *à l'outrance* for the prize of a fair woman. For six months the village followed the affair with unflagging interest. People said, and not without reason, that both President and Mrs. Hazen favored Professor Weaver, and what scanty approval a New England village permits itself to give to any individual was given to him. He might be a little old for Violet, and perhaps his clothes were not so stylish as a girl who had lived "abroad" would wish her husband to wear; but then his learning was profound, his private income handsome, and his principles in themselves were solid personal property.

As for Frank King—well, there was nothing against Frank King except that he was young, and suspected of being "set up," perhaps about his good looks, perhaps about his offensively pleasant manners, perhaps about his second cousin having been Governor of the State.

But if youth and manly beauty and winning ways handicapped a man in a village given over to the niceties of criticism, they seemed to Professor Weaver to give that man an adventitious

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

published February 13, contains a timely story, entitled "What St. Nicholas Forgot and St. Valentine Remembered," by CHARLES S. PRATT: *an article on "St. Valentine and His Day"; and a charming little poem by* MARGARET EYTINGE, *entitled "Bonnie's Valentine."*

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON *contributes a most interesting account of "The Defense of Rochelle"; Chapters XXIV. and XXV. of "Nan," by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE, *describe the troubles in which that brave little heroine becomes involved through her devotion to friendship; Chapter III. of "Reg," by* MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *follows the fortunes of that hero in the rôle of Prince Budaway.*

The art-work of this Number includes drawings by W. P. SNYDER, MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, W. J. SHEPPARD, *and other well-known artists. The ninth page is adorned by a charming wood-engraving, entitled "Cupid on Snow-Shoes," and drawn by* A. DAGGY.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	Per Year	$1 50
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	4 00
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THE DEMOCRATIC BLUNDER.

THE evident disposition of the Democratic party to assume the election of the autumn as a simple party victory strikingly illustrates the political situation. The immensity of the majority against the Republican ticket in New York, where the result of the election was most conspicuous, was the conclusive proof that it was not a party victory. Immediately after the election this was frankly confessed by leading Democrats everywhere in the country. The palpable truth was acknowledged. The election signified Republican discontent. But it did not signify preference of the Democratic party. As, however, it brought that party into power, it offered it an excellent opportunity to prove whether such preference would be justified. This was the sole result of the election, and the Democrats, in this State at least, have hastened to show that they totally misunderstand it. Six weeks of the session of the Legislature, of which they command a great majority, have passed, and they have shown that they regard the election as a mere party victory. The logic is simple. The Democratic candidate, Governor **CLEVELAND**, received an immense majority, consequently the Democratic majority may do what it pleases. Its fortune is much too large to be squandered even by the most reckless waste. This is the Democratic blunder.

During the six weeks of the session the Democratic majority has shown its hostility to reform, and without abolishing offices which it has denounced as needless it has clutched at all the spoils of patronage possible. In two ways could it have won public confidence, by aiming plainly and actually both at economy and reform; but both of these courses it has disdained. The other day a bill was declared passed in the Assembly by a bare majority. The declaration was instantly challenged, and it appeared that three affirmative votes were recorded which had not been cast. This is not the kind of performance which helps a party. We are already well advanced in the second month of the session, and intelligent Democrats will agree that their party has done nothing whatever to win to its support a single one of the vast army of Republican voters which permitted the Democratic success at the polls. It has shown both an unwillingness and an incapacity to grasp the situation. The party can hope for little aid from Governor **BUTLER** in Massachusetts, and when Congress and the Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania shall have adjourned, we shall be greatly mistaken if the Democrats have not demonstrated conclusively their unfitness to be trusted with national power.

On the other hand, the Republicans have shown a disposition to heed the signs of the times. They responded promptly and satisfactorily, in the Message of the President and in the passage of the reform bill, to the demand of the country, and they are engaged in revising the tariff. In this work, as we said last week, neither party engages with zeal, because of the bitter conflict of interests, and of the doubtful party result of changes. But the Republicans must know that failure to fulfill the popular expectation of reduction of taxation will aid Democratic hopes by chilling Republican sympathy. Party indifference upon one side is party advantage upon the other, and it would be singular if the sagacity which inspired Republican councils at the opening of the session should desert them before the end. Nothing, however, is more certain than the uncertainty of the political situation, except that the Democratic party has thus far misused the enormous opportunity which the elections gave it. When **JEFFERSON** became President he said that the first duty of his party was to break up the Federal party by Republican moderation. It would be interesting and novel to see a party which delights to profess Jeffersonian principles occasionally indulging in Jeffersonian practice.

A SENSIBLE BILL.

IT is the boast of Englishmen that their political system brings the government nearer to the people than ours. Parliament meets very soon after the election of its members, and if the ministry, which is the Executive power, is not supported by Parliament, it resigns, or appeals to the country by a dissolution and a new election. In this way the popular will is executed with as little delay as practicable. But our system presents the anomaly and, from the representative point of view, the absurdity, of Representatives who have been dismissed by the people assembling to make laws for the country. And as the House of Representatives is elected in November, and does not generally meet until a year from the following December, it may even happen that a House may be discredited before it has entered upon its duties, by the result of the State elections in the autumn following its own election.

This peculiarity of our system has often arrested attention, and there is no doubt that it is felt to be a great inconvenience if not injury to the public service. Unquestionably it prevents the prompt response of legislation to the changes of public sentiment. The theory of the delay is that time was thought to be necessary for making acquaintance with constituencies and learning parliamentary procedure. But this was inconsistent with the doctrine that government is not a mystery to which adepts only are equal, but a business for which every fairly instructed citizen is competent; and also with the theory that a representative in a popular legislature is but one member of a community selected by his neighbors because of his familiarity with its affairs. However plausible such a view may have been at the organization of the government, experience has shown that there is nothing gained and much risked by the long delay between the election of a Representative and the beginning of his duties, and a bill to correct the anomaly has been introduced in Congress.

The bill provides that the Forty-ninth Congress, for which the elections will take place in November, 1884, shall meet for its first session on the 5th of March, 1885, which is the time at which its term technically begins, and that the second session shall begin in January, 1886. The result of this arrangement would be simply that the meeting of the new Congress would promptly follow its election, and no Representative would serve after he had been rejected. The propriety of such an arrangement is obvious, and it is not easy to perceive what valid objection there can be to it. The long delay between the election and the meeting of Congress is universally regarded with wonder, and no sound reason has been offered for it. But the change is one of those simple and useful details of legislation for which Congress seems to have no time and no taste. The Senate, indeed, has passed the bill for the Presidential succession in the cabinet, but the grave question of counting the electoral vote —one of the gravest of possible questions, involving the peaceful succession of the government—still awaits action.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE REFORM BILL.

THE appointment of the Civil Service Commission has been long delayed, but, according to reports from Washington, it is possible that the nominations will be made before this paper is issued. The matter is of general importance, because the persons selected and the circumstances of the selection will indicate to the country whether the reform bill is to be carried out in its spirit to secure the best results possible. The general purposes of the bill and the general principles upon which it is founded have been publicly approved by the President. In his last Message he pointedly called attention to the fact that there was a general desire for definite reform in regard to appointments, and that in his own judgment the term and tenure of office should be regulated neither by zeal in the service of a party nor by fidelity to the fortunes of an individual, and that business places should be filled upon business principles. Such assertions in a Message to Congress are in the nature of solemn public engagements, which could not be violated without serious injury to the President, and great disappointment to the country.

There is no reason to anticipate such disappointment except delay in applying the principles to certain offices the term of which has expired—a delay which gives color to disagreeable rumors from Washington. As an illustration we may take the case of Naval Officer **BURT**. He is one of the most experienced and accomplished customs officers in the country, against whose official and personal character and conduct nothing can be said. He is, besides, one of the most intelligent and efficient friends of the reformed principles of administration which the President has adopted as his own, and his effective application of them in the Naval Office has thoroughly vindicated the sagacity and practicability of these principles, and furnished one of the most conclusive arguments for the passage of the reform bill by Congress. By his probity, knowledge, experience, and energetic executive talent, Mr. **BURT**'s conduct of the Naval Office has gained for it official commendation as standing among the very best-ordered offices in the country. Mr. **BURT** has naturally applied for re-appointment, but it is announced that he is to be nominated as a member of the Commission. In itself the nomination might be viewed as a proof of the President's sincerity and earnestness in promoting the reform, provided that Mr. **BURT**'s present position were filled, in accordance with sound principles, by his efficient deputy. But to transfer Mr. **BURT** to the Commission, and replace him in the Naval Office by an inexperienced politician, however excellent a man he might be, would necessarily discredit all that the President has said, because it would be evident that the object of the change was, not to secure Mr. **BURT** for the Commission, but to place a politician in the Naval Office—a proceeding which would be in flagrant violation of the very purpose for which the Commission was created. The transfer could be properly made only for reasons of benefit to the public service. But it would not be pretended that the public service would be benefited by superseding the Naval Officer, not for public but for political and personal reasons.

It is true that the present Naval Officer is not the only man in the country capable of filling that position. But this fact is not an argument for superseding him by an officer of less experience in the duties of the post, who would also introduce politics into a business office, and who would not heartily co-operate with the work of the Commission. Mr. **BURT** or any other friend of reform might well hesitate to accept an appointment to the Commission if offered under circumstances which would justify a belief that the bill is not to be carried out in good faith. The bill places the work of the Commission under the complete control of the President, and if his action in regard to appointments elsewhere compelled doubts of his intentions, any friend of reform might properly decline to serve as a blind. We speak plainly because of the singular delay, and of the rumors of a "dicker" which would greatly disappoint public expectation in regard to the President's action. But we trust that all doubts will be happily dispelled before this paper appears.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

WHEN **GAMBETTA** died, M. **WADDINGTON** said that the Republic had nothing to fear but from itself. Those who thought that the death of one man would imperil France were told that France had passed beyond her political nonage. But **GAMBETTA** had not been dead a month when France seemed to tremble upon the edge of some kind of "crisis." **JEROME BONAPARTE** is not a man who commands the confidence even of the Bonapartist faction, and he has no personal prestige or ascendency. But his placard criticising the Government and teeming with French rhetoric, in the staccato style of which **DE GIRARDIN** was a master, has thrown the country into a panic. This of itself is an indication of its unstable political condition.

It is not easy to tell whether the apprehension is due to a general feeling of the incompetency of the **GRÉVY** administration, or to some knowledge of factional organization, or merely to the mercurial temper of the people. There have been great financial extravagance and little apparent ability in the conduct of affairs, and such a situation furnishes tempting texts to the factions. Of these the royalist faction is divided into Legitimists, Orleanists, and Imperialists, and it is, altogether, large. But it is not united. The Count of Paris "has been to Frohsdorf," which means that the Orleanists are politically friendly to the older branch of the family. But both the older and the younger **BOURBONS** are hostile to the parvenu Corsican Empire. These conflicting elements inevitably perpetuate agitation, and at every political juncture startle apprehension. The Republic, on the other hand, has always seemed to be distrustful of itself, while it is regarded with suspicion by the Whites on the right and the Reds on the left, and has apparently needed some powerful and popular personality like that of **GAMBETTA** to assert its supremacy over all factions.

LABOULAYE was always of opinion that the French did not comprehend the constitutional republican principle. They do not understand, he said, that it is the protection of the minority. The French, he declared, call the despotism of a mob the will of the people. He was in despair, and voted at the last plébiscite for the Empire. His feeling was doubtless shared by many Frenchmen; but whether the Republic does not understand itself, and had only a personal basis in GAMBETTA, will soon appear. It has certainly no other representative personality. If it stands the present strain, it will be because of a loyalty to the order of established law which will show remarkable political progress in France, and indicate the close of "the revolution." When France can safely emerge from a political crisis without a practical dictatorship, she will have passed the final stage of republican development. That is the test to which the country is now exposed, and with the anarchists and communists on one side, and the royalists of all kinds and degrees upon the other, the test will be severe. But every American will wish the French Republic a happy deliverance.

THE PETITION TO COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE petition presented to the trustees of Columbia College respectfully asking them "to consider how best to extend, with as little delay as possible, to such properly qualified women as may desire it, the many and great benefits of education in Columbia College, by admitting them to lectures and examinations," was received by the board with the courtesy that was to be expected of so dignified and intelligent a body, and which was due to the extraordinary weight of the petition.

It is signed by 1352 persons, and is a very remarkable document. The signatures include those of the most conspicuous representatives of the conservative, educated, intelligent, religious, and progressive sentiment of the city, and it can not fail to impress the trustees as a significant expression of the conviction and desire of the community with which they are familiar.

The moderate and guarded terms of the application, and the freedom of the well-known petitioners from what are thought to be extravagant and unreasonable views, the movement of enlightened opinion both in England and in America upon the subject, and the action of the English universities, as well as of many of our own chief colleges, in extending the opportunities of education to women, together with the character of the select committee of the trustees appointed to report upon the petition, justify the expectation that the subject will be ably and carefully considered, and that the question involved will be treated in a manner and to a result worthy of the renown of Columbia College, and of the pride with which this community regards it.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

NEXT week HARPER'S WEEKLY will begin the publication of a series of papers by Professor W. G. SUMNER under the above title. They will treat with the acknowledged ability of the author, and in his crisp and incisive style, various aspects of the questions of political economy which are full of interest and importance. With the fine touch of a scientific expert the author lays bare the weakness and shallowness of much that is urged in the name of philanthropy and humanity and reform, and asserts, upon American and rational principles, the right of the rich to be rich, or, in other words, the right of every man to reap all the legitimate and honorable rewards of his abilities and opportunities.

To assert this is not to defend the abuse of either. To argue that a man not only may but ought to gather the wealth which results from his talent and his fair activities is not to justify wrongs of which rich men or associated wealth may be guilty. But one of the lessons taught by Professor SUMNER is that there are very plausible and common errors as to the remedy of such wrongs. While denying what is called natural right, he is the most resolute advocate of individual freedom in every department of human life, so far as compatible with the equal liberty of others.

For "sentimental" views of human relations the author has no mercy, and sentimental correctives he disdains. But the clearness and good-nature of his strictures are as evident as his sympathy with all sound and thorough endeavors of progress. Professor SUMNER would not probably say that everything is the best possible in this best possible world, but he would certainly hold that to perceive a wrong is only the first step toward righting it, and that the great social problems can be safely and satisfactorily treated only by the most thoughtful and not by the most superficially impulsive of men. His papers will certainly command wide and interested attention.

TIME'S CHANGES.

THE annual report of the Astor Library states that among the notable gifts of the year is a complete file of the *Liberator*, from Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS. Mr. PHILLIPS has also presented a very valuable collection of pamphlets to the Boston Public Library. During his long and active career he has accumulated many fugitive works of great and in many cases practically unique historical importance, and he wisely makes proper provision for them himself, and characteristically in a way to secure their widest service to others.

The *Liberator* is the famous abolition journal edited by Mr. GARRISON from the beginning to the end of the antislavery conflict. It is the perpetual witness of his fidelity to his own promise when it began—that he would not equivocate, that he would not retreat, and that he would be heard. It is a very desirable possession for any library, but the brief allusion in the reports of the President of the Board of Trustees and of the Superintendent of the Astor Library to the "notable" gift is very suggestive of a change in public opinion.

Men who are not yet old recall the mobs which assailed Mr. GARRISON and Mr. PHILLIPS at the Tabernacle and elsewhere in New York, and the fierce denunciations of the daily press—attacks and denunciations which had at least the moral support of much respectable public opinion. Mr. GARRISON is gone, and his lofty place in American history is secure. Mr. PHILLIPS, past threescore and ten, quietly deposits in the great library the record of the tremendous moral appeal, whose victory is complete, and with which his eloquence will be always associated, and the public opinion which a generation ago branded both men as incendiary fanatics does not now deny them the name of patriot.

HAWTHORNE AND THE WAR.

THE position of HAWTHORNE during the civil war has been always thought to be doubtful. But at a late college supper of old graduates of Bowdoin, Commodore HORATIO BRIDGES, a life-long friend of HAWTHORNE, made an exceedingly interesting speech, and ended by reading a letter from his old friend which shows how sound HAWTHORNE'S views were. Commodore BRIDGES said of him:

> "He was always a Democrat in principle, but was neither extreme nor narrow in his views. Nor did he ever take an active part in political controversies. Doubtless he expressed himself to me as unreservedly as to any one, and I am sure that he always took broad and liberal views of the great questions which divided the country. From the commencement of the war HAWTHORNE'S patriotism was thoroughly roused, and his Puritan blood was up; but his mind was too penetrative and clear not to recognize the confusion prevailing in the issues of the hour. The condition of his mind is fully shown in a letter which I found among my papers, and which I think will interest you all. He wrote me, under date of May 26, 1861, familiarly and clearly giving his views. After an urgent invitation to his new home, 'The Wayside,' he writes thus:
>
> "'The war, strange to say, has had a beneficial effect upon my spirits, which were flagging wofully before it broke out. But it was delightful to share in the heroic sentiment of the time, and to feel that I had a country—a consciousness which seemed to make me young again. One thing as regards this matter I regret, and one thing I am glad of. The regrettable thing is that I am too old to shoulder a musket myself, and the joyful thing is that JULIAN is too young. He drills constantly with a company of lads, and means to enlist as soon as he reaches the minimum age. But I trust we shall either be victorious or vanquished before that time. Meantime, though I approve the war as much as any man, I don't quite understand what we are fighting for, or what definite result can be expected. If we pummel the South ever so hard, they will love us none the better for it; and even if we subjugate them, our next step should be to cut them adrift if we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery. To be sure, it may be a wise object, and offers a tangible result, and the only one which is consistent with a future union between North and South. A continuance of the war would soon make this plain to us, and we should see the expediency of preparing our black brethren for future citizenship by allowing them to fight for their own liberties, and educating them through heroic influences. Whatever happens next, I must say that I rejoice that the old Union is smashed. We never were one people, and never really had a country since the Constitution was formed.'"

THE IMPORTATION OF WORKS OF ART.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to an article by Mr. F. D. MILLET, in another part of this paper, on the bill recently presented in the House of Representatives by Mr. BELMONT, providing that works of art shall be placed upon the free list. We have reason to believe that Mr. MILLET'S views are shared by the great majority of American artists.

CHARLES B. SEDGWICK.

CHARLES B. SEDGWICK, who died on the 7th inst. at Syracuse, in New York, was one of the ablest among the very eminent lawyers of Central New York, and during the war he was the Representative in Congress from the Onondaga district, serving with great efficiency and distinction as chairman of the Naval Committee. In the most excited antislavery days before the war he was a stanch antislavery and Republican leader in his part of the State, and his sagacity and courage were of signal service to the cause.

Mr. SEDGWICK was one of the most modest and reticent of men, but despite his reserve, the wide range of his sympathies and his quick intelligence, his keen sense of humor and his gentle and cordial manner, made him a charming companion. The hospitality of his happy home was unbounded, and whatever was lovely and of good report was naturally attracted to his house. A double shadow has fallen upon it within a few weeks, for but a short time before his own death a married daughter, greatly beloved by all who knew her, had died.

For some years Mr. SEDGWICK had been withdrawn from public life, without losing his interest in public affairs. He was one of the men whom any community can ill spare—an admirable representative of that independent citizenship, that quiet, steadfast, intelligent, and honest manhood, which is the sure foundation of great states.

PERSONAL.

CARLYLE wrote to EMERSON'S daughter in 1875: "Ever since the year 1833 your father has been in the habit of writing to me, greatly to my comfort and profit, and I certainly never destroyed with my will any scrap of paper his hand had been on."

—On the occasion of her landing in Bermuda, the Princess LOUISE'S baggage consisted of not less than forty-three pieces, excluding nine cases of wine. The first thing brought ashore was a mocking-bird in a cage. Most of the trunks were marked in large white letters, P. L.; one of the largest of them disclosed a brass plate inscribed, "Princess LOUISE, Dress Trunk." The Princess was the last of her party to leave the steamboat, and the first to land from the row-boat that took them to the wharf.

—Congressman ABRAM S. HEWITT, of this city, now undergoing treatment for the removal of a carbuncle on his back, expressed recently his regret at being absent from Washington during the tariff discussion. "I have made the tariff," he said, "the study of my life, and now when I most desire to contribute my share of light, I am debarred from doing so."

—Sir EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD, the retiring British Consul-General of this city, told his friends at the DELMONICO banquet given recently in his honor that he had decided to spend the remainder of his days in New York, "where I have so long found a home and so many warm-hearted friends."

—All sorts of matter relating to JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU are soon to be gathered into a collection for public exhibition in Paris. The display will include manuscripts, portraits, and other souvenirs.

—The Marquis of Hartington asserts that an Oriental ruler, though well skilled in the arts of diplomacy, is no match for the arts of European financiers, who can go to him with a bribe for himself on condition of being allowed to plunder his people.

—The custom of having an annual Christmas tree has been adopted in some of the palaces of Italy. The Prince of Naples had one last December, and the King and Queen distributed their New-Year's presents from another one.

—In a recent lecture, Minister LOWELL said that from a literary point of view it is hardly possible to find a book more original or instructive than *Don Quixote*. No other contained so much that was amusing and accurate, and that, at the same time, appealed to higher emotions. Its moral was that whoever quarrels with Nature, whether wittingly or unwittingly, is certain to get the worst of it. There was no great difficulty in finding out what Nature really is, but when the discovery was made, it required great wisdom for most people to avail themselves of it.

—The *Spectator* thinks that M. RENAN'S *Memories of Infancy and Youth* are much franker than GIBBON'S autobiography, though with a somewhat similar ring of calm self-complacency. M. RENAN prides himself on having been loved by only four women—his mother, his sister, his wife, and his daughter. A writer in the *British Quarterly Review* observes that M. RENAN seems to regard Christianity much in the same way in which a sentimental juryman might look at a beautiful adventuress—he does not believe in its claims, but he is charmed by its graces.

—General JAMES WATSON WEBB celebrated his eighty-first birthday on the 8th inst. He was in good health, with mind and memory perfectly clear.

—Columbia College has sustained a severe loss in the death, on the 8th inst., of Professor CLIFFORD R. BATEMAN. He was twenty-eight years old, a graduate of Amherst College, and a very accomplished student. His specialty was the Science of Administration, for which he had prepared himself at Berlin, Heidelberg, and at the École de Sciences Politiques in Paris.

—Advertisement in a Berlin newspaper: "A medical student whose means are exhausted would like to meet with some one who would advance him the necessary sum to complete his studies at a moderate rate of interest. If necessary he would, as a guarantee, at once marry his creditor's daughter, or, if preferred, would make an agreement to do so on passing his final examination."

—King ALFONSO'S sister the Infanta PAZ, aged nineteen, is reported by telegraph from Madrid to speak several languages, to paint so well that her water-colors at recent exhibitions were "much admired," and to be charitable to the poor. She will give herself away next April to Prince LOUIS FERDINAND of Bavaria.

—At the opening of the International Art Exhibition at Rome on the 21st of January, a "hymn in praise of art" was sung by a select chorus, accompanied by an orchestra, in the presence of the King, the Queen, and the Crown Prince, the Senators and the Deputies, the foreign ambassadors, the generals, the Knights of the Annunziata, and a crowd of lesser magnates.

—The late GUSTAVE DORÉ (writes a foreign reviewer) manifested a wonderful frugality. A single glass of wine was enough to excite him, and two glasses made him feel "drowsy and lazy," as he said; so that, as a rule, he drank nothing but the mildest of *eau rougie*, and ate of the simplest dishes. He frequently compared his head to "a witch's cauldron, always boiling and shooting up blue flames."

—The view from the tomb of GAMBETTA near Nice is described as one of the most charming and picturesque of any in the neighborhood. The red-topped houses and fine villas of modern Nice lie at the foot of the hill on one side, and on the other the older and more closely built part of the city, while in the distance rise the successive ridges of the hills that inclose the whole city, with the snow-clad Alps behind them glinting in the sun as the morning vapors lift.

—London society is stirred by the question whether it is proper to wear war medals and decorations with evening dress. Those who argue in the affirmative remind their hearers that the members of the Queen's household are required to show their miniature medals and decorations on the left lapel of the coat when in "household evening dress," that is to say, when attired in dark blue dress-coat (with brass buttons), white waistcoat, and black trousers. The Prince of Wales, it is said, is very particular to notice with a good-natured reprimand any departure from the rule.

—The *Saturday Review* finds it "pleasant as well as decorous to anticipate with reasonable confidence the continuance for some time to come of Mr. GLADSTONE'S extraordinary vigor. If the occasional ailments of ordinary persons of the same age were as constantly and as accurately registered, the report of a slight cold or of a sleepless night would scarcely be noticed. Lord PALMERSTON'S attacks of gout were more painful and more serious, and yet he held office and enjoyed life for six or seven years after he had attained Mr. GLADSTONE'S present age."

—Mr. CHARLES READE is dramatizing a novel called *The Two Misses Wingate*, written by Mrs. CHARLES TINSLEY.

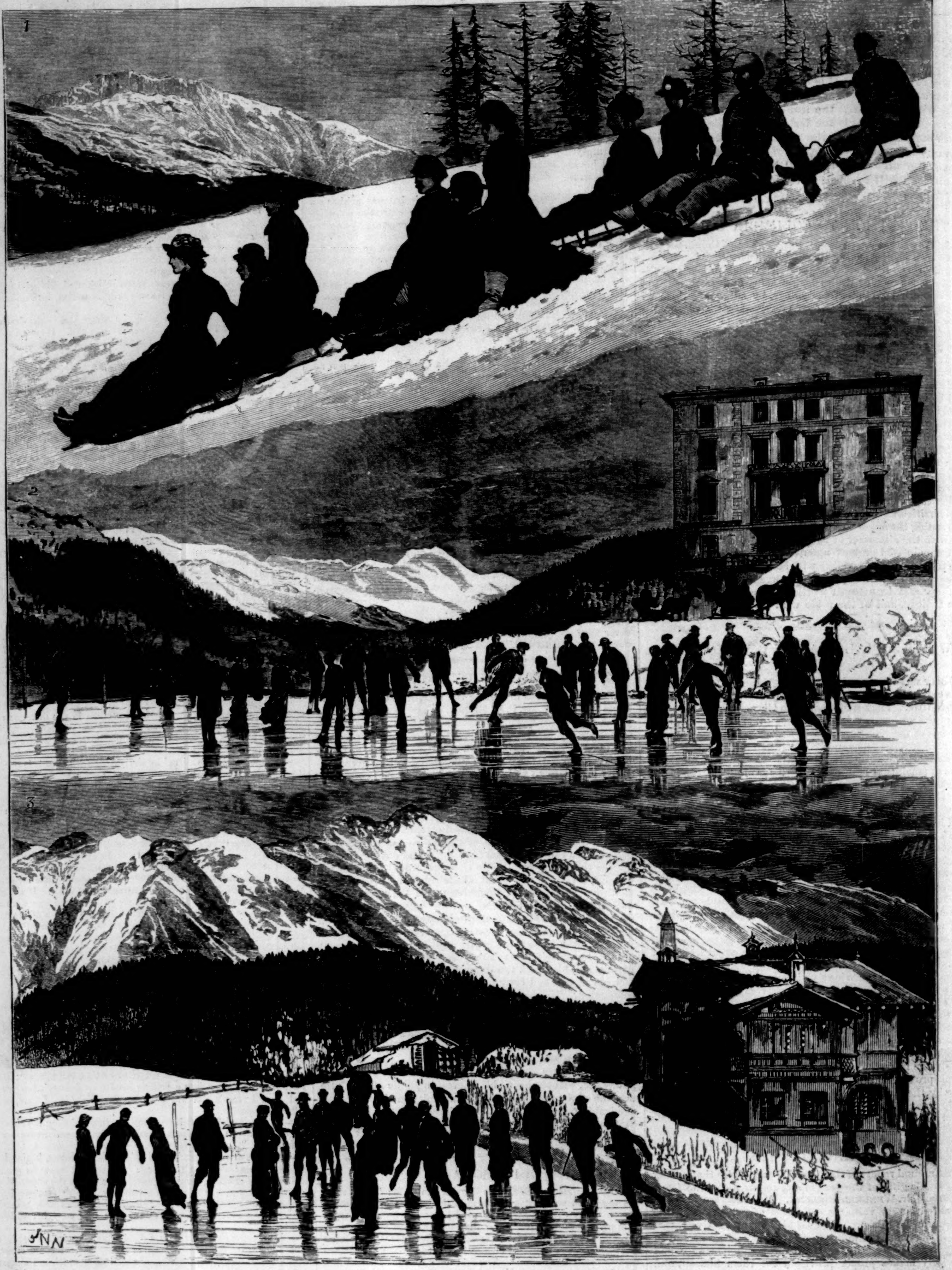
—Very fresh dramatic news from London: "The Rosalind of Madame MODJESKA," says the *Athenæum*, "has taken a strong hold upon the American public, and has given rise to a series of comparisons between the imaginative style of acting, of which Madame MODJESKA is regarded as the exponent, and the realistic, as illustrated in Mrs. LANGTRY."

—Mr. FROUDE will soon give to the public the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, prepared by CARLYLE himself; Mr. FREEMAN will collect into a volume his *Impressions of America*; and Lord LYTTON'S son will issue his father's *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains*.

—President GRÉVY has been amusing himself during the shooting season in "the well-stocked and strictly preserved covers at Rambouillet."

—A new Paris fashion journal, *L'Art de la Femme*, begins its announcements with the following: "In all that concerns grace and elegance of attire, the whole world bows before the superiority of the Parisienne. In no age, in no country, has she been equalled in the art of dress, and in order to make the best of their beauty, Russians, Austrians, English, etc., are forced to copy her toilets and bearing."

—In an essay on lonely lives a foreign writer asks his readers to contemplate "the lot of a man of education and connections, with the consciousness, perhaps, of social gifts which are almost sparkling, who has been appointed to a vice-consulate in the island of Barataria. His income is small, as his duties are by no means onerous; and indeed he would gladly compound for more work to give him greater distraction. He has not the means of indulging himself in luxuries, and even the moderate comforts to which he has always been accustomed are hardly procurable. He is settled among barbarians of strange speech, and the only society with the thinnest veneer of cultivation consists of Jews, Turks, infidels, and nondescripts. He is obliged to stand to a certain extent on his official dignity, and may be forced into unfriendly relations with men who have it in their power to make things very unpleasant for him. At all events he has nothing in common with any of his neighbors; and as for a home, he has nothing that resembles one. He lives in bleak rooms, waited on by dusky attendants who will steal anything they can lay hands on, and would cut his throat for a trifle. Detesting the climate, tormented by animals of many species which would be invaluable in any collection of poisonous insects, with periodical touches of the depressing fever for which the place is notorious, he has no energy for reading, even were books within his reach, and he gives himself over to morbid listlessness."



1. A Coasting Party at St. Moritz. 2. The Skating Rink at St. Moritz. 3. The Skating Rink at Piz Tanguard.

WINTER SPORTS IN THE ENGADINE.

WINTER SPORTS IN THE ENGADINE.

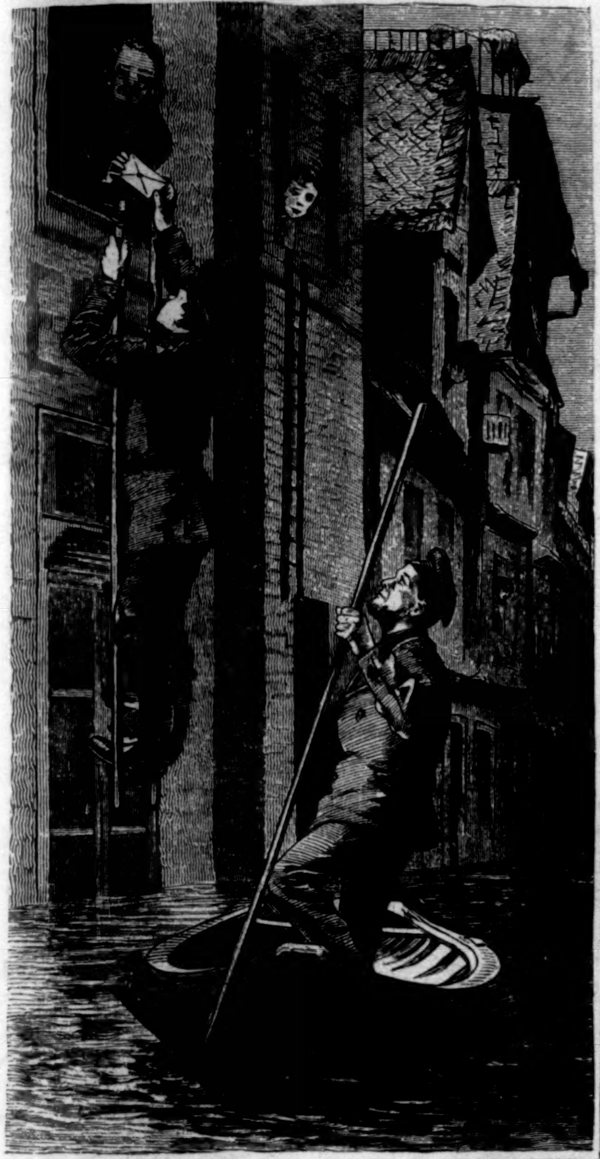
The beautiful valley of Engadine, through which the river Inn pursues its winding and picturesque course, has become one of the most popular resorts in Switzerland for tourists of leisure. It is nearly sixty miles in length, and its greatest breadth is only a mile and a half. Lying at an altitude varying from 3500 to 6000 feet above the level of the sea, the climate is so severe that cattle are kept in stall seven months out of the twelve; the only grain raised is rye, and potatoes seldom mature in the brief summer. Yet the inhabitants, numbering about 12,000 souls, are very prosperous, and the valley contains more populous villages than any other Swiss valley lying at so great an elevation. The village dwellings are noted for picturesque elegance as well as comfort. The summer resorts in the Engadine are numerous and well patronized, especially St. Moritz, which is celebrated for its mineral baths, and Tarasp-Bad, on the north bank of the Inn, near the village of Vulpera. A singular feature in this locality are numerous springs from which issue *mofette*, or jets of carbonic acid gas, destructive to all small animals or birds that come within reach of the deadly fumes.

Winter arrives early in the Engadine, and tourists who remain after the short summer can enjoy skating and coasting at the resorts long before the season for these sports begins in other parts of Europe. Our illustrations show that the privilege is highly appreciated.

THE FLOODS IN GERMANY.

The devastation caused by the recent overflowing of the great rivers of Germany and Austria was very great. Vast districts were inundated, villages were swept away, numbers of people were drowned or killed by falling houses, and in many districts farming lands and vineyards were seriously injured. There was wide-spread and lamentable distress among the poor, who found themselves suddenly homeless and starving. The Rhine, the Mosel, and other rivers rose to a height hitherto unknown. At one time the city of Vienna was seriously menaced by the rising flood, and the great strength of the river embankments alone averted a terrible disaster.

Some curious scenes took place in the Zoological Gardens at

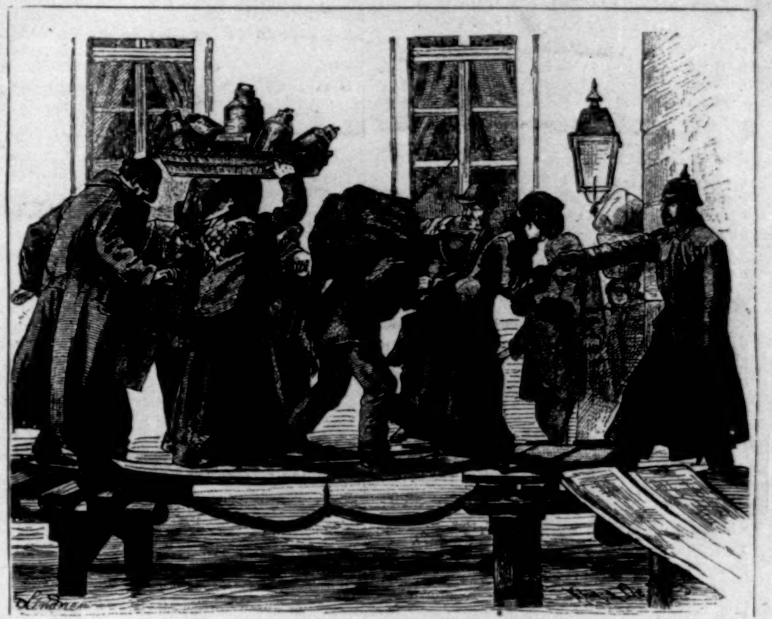


POSTAL DELIVERY.

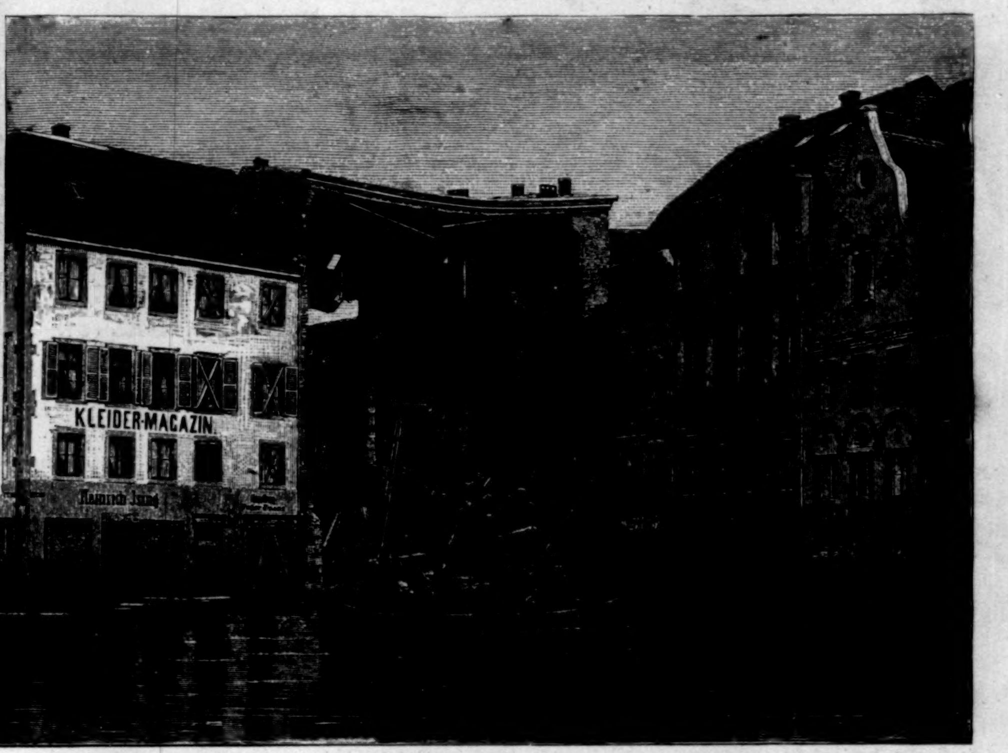
Cologne. About ten o'clock one night, when the water was at the highest point, a river wall gave way under the enormous pressure, and in a moment the whole inclosure was flooded. The attendants, in anticipation of such a disaster, were already at work in the wild beasts' department erecting temporary stagings on which the lions, bears, tigers, and other creatures could take refuge as the water rose. The rush of the flood startled all the animals into an uproar. The bellowing and roaring were hideous. The lions tore at the stagings with teeth and claws, and shook the cage bars in a frenzy of rage and terror. Only the elephants appeared to retain their presence of mind. As the floods rose, these sagacious animals quietly piled up the temporary stage beams and planking in such a way as to secure a footing out of water. At least so says the correspondent of a German newspaper. For some days the keepers paddled round in small boats to feed their charges. They had water enough and to spare.

When the water first began to rise in Mayence and to flood the streets there was a great deal of merriment, among those who could remain within-doors, over the misfortunes and mishaps of those who were obliged to go out. But a few hours later the merriment ceased. The streets became impassable for vehicles. Traffic was suspended until narrow plank sidewalks could be constructed on blocks and stagings, such as are shown in one of our illustrations. Then boats were brought into requisition, and Mayence literally became a navigable city like Venice. Some impatient citizens, anxious to get to their places of business, betook themselves to wash-tubs, and often got a ducking in their attempts to propel these awkward vessels through the water lanes of the city.

As many families were without a stock of provisions, it became necessary to send them food by means of boats. The mails were delivered in the same manner. The bodies of those who died during this time in the inundated parts of the city were conveyed by boat to the higher portions, where they could be placed in hearses. Such a funeral taking place after night-fall presented a sombre and impressive sight. DORÉ would have found in it a subject worthy of his singular powers. The illustration in the centre of the page shows a house in Düsseldorf that was undermined by the sudden rush of water, and totally destroyed in a few minutes. This picturesque village, dear to the hearts of many American art students, suffered severely. Many of the houses were old and unable to withstand the force of the unprecedented flood. Many people were with difficulty rescued in boats from their tottering dwellings, losing all but life and the clothes they wore; and a number were swept away and drowned.

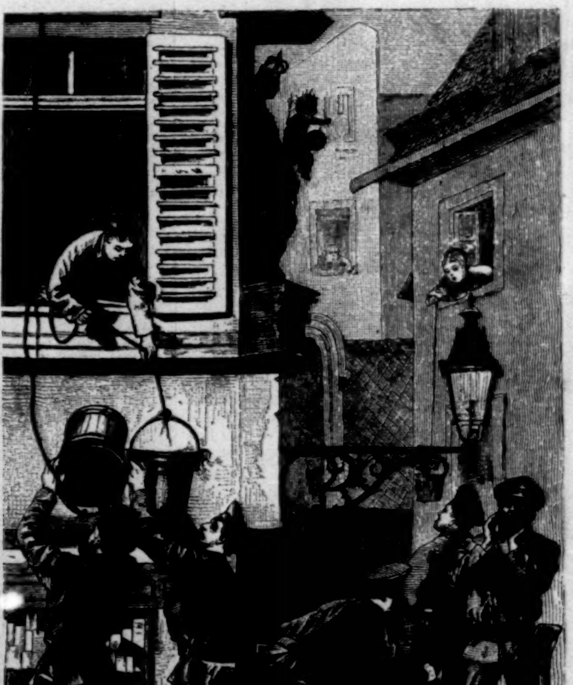


"STEADY, THERE."


KLEIDER-MAGAZIN.

A HOUSE UNDERMINED.

A FUNERAL AT NIGHT.



SUPPLYING DRINKING WATER.

THE RECENT FLOODS IN GERMANY.

VALENTINES TO ORDER.

(*Continued from front page.*)

start in any race, particularly the race for Violet, in the face of which his best running was ludicrous.

Fits of self-disparagement and hopelessness often came over the Professor, most frequently when, by the light of the midnight oil, he was demonstrating on paper, let us say, the life that existed several millions of ages before protoplasm. They came with a swift rush of blood to the finger-tips, with a resistless force which drove him out into the wide deserted streets, his mind a chaos in which whirled women's faces, all beautiful, and all alike.

To King the power of love brought no storms of doubt, no unpleasant self-abasement. The effect of the passion was chastening, and without deliberate plan he found himself living a life above reproach, steadily, spontaneously gravitating toward Violet.

As for Violet, her sentiments and inclinations piqued curiosity and defied speculation. It is possible that she had not taken herself into her own confidence until the day came when she had to answer two letters, received at the same time, and imperatively calling for notice.

Only the concluding sentences of the letters which she that February morning dispatched to Professor Weaver and Mr. King need be transcribed:

"I must ask one week for reflection, that is, until next Monday, St. Valentine's Day. And now I am going to make a request which will seem to you both childish and absurd; but I am childish and I am absurd, and it is best that you should see me as I am. And I believe that if by next Monday I should still hesitate, a valentine in original verse, penned under the inspiration of the occasion and the protection of the Saint, would lead me to a decision which would be for your happiness and my own."

Excepting the hour on Monday, the 14th, appointed for the interview, one letter was a copy of the other. The comments of the two men on these remarkable sentences were characteristic. Professor Weaver saw in them the candor and truth which made Violet so dear to him; King detected the spice of audacious mischief which was not the least of Violet's charms for him. But to neither did an argument on the demand suggest itself.

Violet must have an irresistible valentine.

Never did a wider gulf yawn between requirement and possible achievement. Neither of the men had ever written a couplet. In the treatment of the case each man was again true to his individuality. Accepting the spirit of the request, Weaver denuded the college library of all the poets, from Horace down to Swinburne. Every moment that he could snatch from his necessary work was given to the study of true poetry in its idea and its form. On the third night, after struggles compared to which Weller's, of world-wide notoriety, were feeble trifling, he perpetrated the following:

"O peerless, pitiless Peri!
O Circe, cruel and coy!
O happy, heart-haunting Houri!
O jocund, jingling joy!"

This was the best he could do, and when the dawn crept in through his lattice he knew it would not do at all. What to him was the fame of his treatise on "Fossil Fish," when he could not write a simple rhyming valentine for Violet?

King at once faced his inability to write verses under any inspiration or saintly protection, and therefore he must construe "original" as "originated by any one, if only specially originated for Violet."

Clearly, he need only trouble himself to find the man or woman who possessed a facile trick of rhyme. As his acquaintance numbered a dozen or more "literary fellows," it seemed to him that the quest would be neither long nor fatiguing. An hour after receiving Violet's letter he was on his way to Boston, intending to do two or three hours' work in his office, then look up a poet, dine him, and negotiate the valentine on any terms.

But he went home that night without having happened on that particularly desirable fellow. The second night and the third found his literary need still unprovided. He had, by that time, found and dined Smith, the very man for his dilemma, but he had not been able to explain his position. It was quite simple to imagine himself saying, carelessly, over a bottle of Burgundy,

"Look here, Smith, reel me off two or three verses—something sweet and fetching—your very best—a valentine for a girl I know."

Who can describe the complex feeling that tied his tongue in the face of "that sarcastic brute, Smith," smiling so genially across the table?

King became conscious of a depression of spirits. On Thursday night sleep forsook him, and he took a very early train to the city on Friday morning. He never knew what prompted him to lift his heavy eyes and fasten them on a conspicuous notice staring at the public from the door of a house in an obscure street. But he did so lift and fix his eyes, and standing still, a swift, wonderful hope lighted his inner darkness.

Valentines! Valentines! Valentines!
Valentines to Order!
In Prose or in Verse! Sentimental or Comic!
A perfect fit guaranteed!
Step in! Step in!

Not a moment did King hesitate about accepting the seductive invitation. He stepped in; he leaped up two flights of stairs, and stood breathless before an old man with an index book open on a high desk placed between him and an importunate world.

Very soon there was entered in this book: "Valentine in verse. Fanciful, with under-tone of sentiment. To Violet."

"Your price, sir?" said the agent, eying King sharply over his spectacles.

"Your price?"

"From one dollar to twenty-five. Twenty-five will provide you with an article which would put Shakspeare to the blush."

"All right; twenty-five. I must have it this evening, and will call for it myself."

King felt that if the verses should not turn out presentable, he would on Saturday have to throw himself on the mercy of Smith—Smith, whose rhyme was reliable, but whose jeers were equally so, and, if possible, more telling. At dusk he presented himself and his number before the unlovely emissary of Cupid.

"Hum! 550. Let me see."

The old man took a handful of envelopes from a drawer, muttering large numbers as he ran his wares through his fingers.

"Hum! Yes, here it is. I looked over it myself. I think you will find, sir, that Ben Jonson has been left."

King threw down his twenty-five dollars, and hurried to the street. He was in mortal terror of being seen in the vicinity of the valentine mart. Not till he had turned the key of his own room did he take the treasure from his pocket, and proceed to estimate its worth. As he read, his critical expression mellowed; a smile flickered in his eyes, a smile which presently brightened into the radiance of joy. When he had carefully copied these verses of an unknown bard, and without scruple inscribed his initials in the corner, he seemed to glow with the serene complacency of the wholly virtuous man who by one bold stroke has removed himself from the temptations of an alluring world.

On Saturday morning, when the station platform was crowded with men waiting for the city train, King attached himself to Professor Weaver. Their intercourse had long been distinguished by the punctilious politeness of men who recognize a mutual antagonism of a nature and in a cause which preclude open hostility. This morning all King's formality vanished into thin air; the Professor found him offensively familiar, vulgarly jocose. In order to get rid of King, Weaver had to forego his morning smoke, and, arrived in the city, he actually ran and took refuge in a street car.

He did not know where that car was going; he did not care. When the conductor called "Car stops here," Professor Weaver stepped off—stepped off, of course (why not?), directly in front of that thrice-blessed poster,

"*Valentines! Valentines! Valentines!*"

The sun seemed to blaze out full upon this melancholy man, giving him generously of his brilliancy. The professorial tread became a hop and a skip. In five minutes the old gentleman with whom we are already acquainted had entered in his book:

"Valentine in verse. Fanciful, with under-tone of sentiment. To Violet."

"Your price, sir?" peering quizzically at his shamefaced customer.

"Anything you please. I must have a good thing. No alliterative trash." "Peerless, pitiless Peri," rang sorely in Weaver's ears.

"Well, sir, the hour has come, as it were. For thirty dollars, though, you can have lines to a lady which would make Shakspeare or Fletcher, pretty clever fellows at their trade too, groan in his grave.

The Professor silently turned away. As he went down-stairs his cheeks tingled, a great wave of shame sweeping over him—shame that he had even remotely introduced Violet into such a transaction. The torture which he endured that day, in scathing self-accusation, in feeble, contemptuous self-defense, few men know. When he received and paid for his valentine he intended to destroy it at once. He had resolved to go to Violet on Monday and say, "I can love you, and take care of you all my life, but I can not write you a valentine."

So he put the valentine in his pocket, not suspecting the flame that was in it, nor how it could burn. It began to burn before he reached the street. On his journey home it seemed to scorch his heart, near which it lay, and when after dinner he had retreated among his books, the pain of the burning was intolerable.

He snatched the thing then from his pocket, and held it over his wood fire—held it there fearfully, as if it were a red-hot coal that in a moment of madness he had plucked from the hearth, and on the white surface stood out ominously black his number, 777—a lucky number, seven, therefore three sevens must be thrice lucky. Where had Professor Weaver heard that silly saying? Long ago, no doubt, for it came ringing down through weary years, like the echo of some school-mate's laugh, some friend of his childhood, long dead, long forgotten—mocking him too, urging him on to grasp this last hope, to grasp it even at the cost of deception and perjury. With the instinct to seize whatever comes to hand in the crises where happiness or life is at stake, the overwhelming impulse of selfishness which sweeps out of existence debatable rights, Professor Weaver tore open the envelope and feverishly read his valentine.

As he read, principle, intention, resolution, vanished—vanished and made room for triumphant gladness. He felt that if Violet could be won by a valentine, he had it in his power to win her.

So it came about that on the morning of the 14th of February two valentines lay by Violet's breakfast plate. She opened that addressed in Professor Weaver's handwriting first. As she rapidly scanned the lines, her mother saw in her face a shadow of pain, which deepened, and, as she took up the other valentine, expressed itself: "I am afraid that Frank is beaten." So Violet revealed to her mother, and probably to herself, the inclination of her heart. She had barely unfolded King's valentine when the tears that had been in her eyes dried, and an angry flush dyed her face. "Mamma," she cried, scornfully, "I have had a lucky escape, and a narrow one. My valentine caprice was an inspiration. It has saved me from two worthless men. And, oh, mamma, I could not have doubted Professor Weaver's honor! And as for Frank, I can not—can not speak of Frank!"

Before Mrs. Hazen could even surmise a cause for this tempest, Violet had swept from the room.

When at the appointed hour Professor Weaver was shown into Mrs. Hazen's drawing-room he found Violet alone. The mother and daughter had been together all day, and the dismissal of both lovers had been settled. As to the manner of dismissing Professor Weaver, Violet had yielded to her mother, but she had reserved all rights in the treatment of Mr. King.

As the curtains fell behind the Professor he crossed the room to Violet, standing in the bay-window. He held his hat in his hand, and said, gravely, "I have come for your answer."

She answered, "No."

Her eyes met his steadily, and the stinging negative struck his ears like a well-aimed blow, sinking into his heart and thrilling through every nerve. After that there was a silence in the room, and in that silence the girl seemed to the Professor to shrink into the folds of her long soft dress, and to fade away from him into the purple light of the evening, away beyond the level plains of snow.

"Is it final?" he asked at last. "Is there no appeal?"

"None," she said, and flung out her arm as if she would sweep him out of her sight. Professor Weaver turned to leave her. At the door he glanced back. She was looking out the window, and stood with her hands clasped behind her.

He put down his hat then, and recrossed the room. "Miss Hazen, I am not going to trouble you to repeat your answer, nor indeed to give you any pain at all. But I must tell you that the valentine I sent you this morning was not—"

"Spare yourself," she interrupted; "no explanation is needed."

"Then I have only to say good-by. Will you not shake hands with me?"

"No! no! no!" she cried; and thus to Weaver the whole story of the discovery of his imposture was told.

"It was a terrible temptation," he exclaimed, answering all that her violence implied. "And I love you. When a man like me comes to love a woman as I love you he may perhaps forget the demands of truth, and yet not be altogether worthless."

"Then," said Violet, coldly, "he must abide the consequences, since he has tried his method on a woman to whom a love that stoops to untruth is a dishonor."

"You are just," said Weaver; "but if you had loved me at all you would have had mercy. Good-by."

He went away then, and Violet watched him walk down the frozen road. Much pathos there was even in his heavy tread—more in the unconsciously dejected droop of his head; and in his heart was the profound sorrow which, when it strikes such a heart, consumes. But Violet, who was tenderness itself, had no sense of her cruelty, had not even a passing thought for the misery she had inflicted on the man who had just left her. She had promised her mother to dismiss him kindly, and though she had not been quite able to do that, she had spared him explanations. But, after all, that leniency had not sprung so much from consideration for him as from preoccupation touching the coming interview with King. She repeated the Professor's words, "If you had loved me at all you would have had mercy."

Would she? How little he knew! Because she did not love him at all she had spared him. She was saving all her passionate anger for the man she loved.

The twilight was deepening when King came in. Violet could see that he had left his hat in the hall, as if he had come to stay. She saw too the easy way in which he crossed the room to her, and the unusual shyness in his eyes.

"Violet!" he said, then drew a quick breath, as if there were nothing more to say.

She took the nearest chair. "Sit down," she said. "You are a charming verse-maker."

King, who was sensitive, detected danger both in her chilly voice and the downward curve of her eyelashes. He was not going to betray himself. He followed her and stood before her, resting one hand carelessly on a table. "Never mind the verses; you know I have not come here to talk about them. You know—"

"I know," she broke in, with a flash of anger, "that I will not have you dictate to me what I am to talk about."

The petulance of this ebullition amused King. He smiled down at her a smile so vastly old and tolerant that she lost all control, and blind resentment took possession of her. She sprang to her feet, pulling her two valentines from the velvet pocket at her girdle. She had meant to draw King into a distinct admission touching the verses, and then drive him away with scorn for the lie; but now, in her anger, she held his own valentine close to his eyes. "That is your handwriting?"

"Yes. It is rather dark, but—yes, that is my handwriting." He had drawn his eyes together and squinted at the paper, which coolness exasperated Violet still farther.

"Those are the verses you wrote for me. Wait; I will read them aloud, so that your eyes may not be injured." She went close to the window, and read by the fading light:

"From a dew-damp, mossy bed,
Where the ferns faint fragrance shed,
Peeped a shy maiden,
Half of heaven, half of earth,
All the fairies, to her birth
Tripped with favors laden.

"With sweetness some showered her,
With beauty some dowered her,
One bestowed a soul;
One a spirit pure and true,
Shining through her eyes' dark blue;
Violet, named the whole.

"'Violet'—forest echoes rang;
'Violet'—the blithe birds sang,
Soaring to the Sun,
Telling of the deep-hid treasure,
Made for joy and lover's pleasure,
Waiting to be won.

"The listening Sun believed,
And in transport quick conceived
Sought the timid maid;
Straightway told her of his passion,
In his ardent, glowing fashion,
Not one whit afraid.

"Yet to him no word she said,
Only bent her flower-like head;
Then in wrath and pride
Swift he pressed a burning kiss,
Crying, 'She shall share my bliss.'
'Neath that kiss she died.

"Pale with misery and fright,
The Sun sought refuge in the night;
The fairies came anew,
Wept and rustled o'er their child
Till she looked at them and smiled
Through tears of glist'ning dew.

"Thus they brought her back to life,
Vowing her for sweetest wife,
Not to daring Sun;
But by him who soft will woo her,
And with humble prayer will sue her,
Violet may be won."

"Those are the verses I *sent* you," he said, as the last line fell quivering from her lips. "And you have added a great deal to the 'rhyme of the poet by the beauty of thy voice.'"

She was beside him again, holding up two valentines now. She had not noticed the careful wording of his reply.

"Perhaps you will tell me that this too is your handwriting, and that to amuse and puzzle me you sent me two copies of your *original* verses. Or perhaps you will tell me that by a singular coincidence two men were at once inspired with one idea and one tongue." She threw her valentines on the floor, and moved back from him, looking at him fiercely. "I should not be surprised—oh no, I should not be surprised at all! There may be other pleasant fictions coming at this moment readily to your lips. There may be other methods with which I am not familiar—methods of tricking, deceiving, lying—"

"Stop there!" he cried, and his hand grasped her arm, then flung it away. He had picked up the sheets of paper, and still held them. He had recognized Professor Weaver's handwriting, and seen at a glance that the verses were identical. He understood the situation, and the conviction that Violet had been temporizing roused in him anger quick as her own. "Listen to me," he went on, in a voice that defied resistance. "I have a right to be heard, and I take it. You asked for original verses, and I chose to construe original as written specially for you, no matter by whom. I looked at the request as a whim, but I would do anything to gratify a whim of yours—anything in my power, that is; and as I could not compose a valentine, I had those verses written to order. Another man has had a valentine made to order, and, by great good fortune, the same valentine. Good fortune, I say, because it shows me, and I hope it shows him, that a matter of life and death to us was only fun to you. I have made a mistake. I have loved as a woman a frivolous, heartless child."

"Am I that?" she said, in a husky whisper; "frivolous, heartless?"—looking up at him as if she were the guiltiest wretch in the world, and he an accusing angel. "I did not mean—I did not know—" Then, with a gesture and in a voice of despair, "What shall I do? what shall I do?" she cried, and falling on her knees, buried her face in a cushioned seat.

Just for a moment King stood looking down at her slight figure, shaken with sobs. He was not thinking that in spite of the hateful valentine he had won, though he felt he had. He was simply filled for once with a consciousness of his own absolute unworthiness, his unfitness to touch or approach the girl on her knees beside him.

But, after all, he lifted her in his arms, and dried her tears, and comforted her; and knowing well the advantage which in this situation a man has, he made full confession of his deliberate deceit. He even expressed sympathy for Professor Weaver. He declared, too, that, for the Professor's sake, putting aside all question of a little personal satisfaction, he would some day seek out and destroy the infamous composer of "valentines to order."

WINTER CLOTHING.

When we want an energetic phrase to describe our winters we call them "Siberian winters," and we think that we are speaking metaphorically. But the winters of our Northern States are actually as cold as those of a considerable part of Siberia. I say nothing of the extremes of Northern Siberia, where the cold weather for the whole Northern hemisphere, so to speak, is manufactured. But while in Western Siberia, except in the high latitudes, mercury does not freeze every year, in nearly all of our Northern States and Territories it freezes (at *minus* 39° F.) from time to time, though happily not every year. It is thus against winters that may be fairly called Siberian in their severity that we of the Northern States have to protect ourselves. And our winters are not only excessively cold in their extreme temperatures, they are also excessively variable. In none of our Northern or Northwestern States can an equably cold winter be found. How many an invalid has been lured away from his home, never to return, by false promises in this respect!

Our winter climate, then, is (1) a climate of extreme severity, and (2) a climate of extreme variability. The two points which I wish to make about winter clothing depend directly upon these two characteristics.

(1.) The severity of our winters makes woollen clothing essential, and especially flannel under-clothing. Robust persons will get along well enough with the ordinary "mixed under-wear"; but in winter flannels are the warmest, in summer they are the coolest, of garments to wear next the skin. How is this paradox explained? The fibres of the wool touch each other but slightly; in other words, the texture of the flannel is loose, and the interstices are filled with air, which is one of the slowest of conductors of heat, so that the warmth of the body is retained—of course by virtue of the entangled air, and not mainly by the fibre of the wool itself. On the other hand, when in summer-time the outer clothing is thin, the insensible perspiration which constantly passes through the woollen tissue evaporates readily, and cools the surface of the body. Count Rumford, who made the first important experiments on this subject, says that by wearing flannel "the pores of the skin are disencumbered, and they are continually surrounded by a dry and salubrious atmosphere." He adds that the more general use of flannels would prevent a number of diseases. A poor conductor of heat, a substance that allows the ready escape of perspiration, a comfortable, light, and pliant fabric, and one that it is difficult to wet through, it is by far the best of all materials for under-wear. No other possesses all these good qualities, and it is surprising to find a popular English writer saying, in a recent manual of *Health and Occupation*, that "for the well-to-do silken under-garments are better than flannel." In what respect? This is the rapture of dogmatism. Whether for the "well-to-do," in the English writer's phrase, or for ordinary people, the pre-eminent value of flannel for under-clothing is well established.

I think that careful housekeepers will thank me for a word about how to treat flannels so as to prevent most of the shrinking which is their one fault, and a fault which prejudices many people against their use:

1. Get a quality of flannel that is a little loosely woven, not of too tight a texture, and buy or cut the garments rather large, allowing about two inches in the length of an under-shirt against the moderate shrinkage that can not be prevented.

2. In washing the flannels do not allow soap to be rubbed upon them, and do not let the garments themselves be scrubbed or rubbed; this fulls the material, and makes them shrink. They should be washed by squeezing them in hot and strong suds, and then rinsed out in very hot water. Both to the strong suds and to the very hot water add liquid ammonia in the proportion of a table-spoonful to the gallon. The French housekeepers, who are very practical people, have found out that this is better than borax for the purpose.

3. Do not put the flannels aside wet. Put them out to dry as soon as they are washed, and iron them before they are entirely dry, so as not to have to dampen them again. Iron very thoroughly.

Following these rules will prevent nearly all shrinkage.

A word should be added about mixed wear for under-clothing. This is what is generally found in the shops ready-made; only in the large towns will you find ready-made all-wool under-clothing. A mixture of cotton and wool, if the cotton and the wool are carded together before weaving, washes very well. Canton flannel makes good winter under-clothing. But the all-wool is the best; and the garments are easily made at home or by the seamstress, and they wear so much better than mixed goods that it is economical as well as healthful to use them.

(2.) The second feature of our climate is its *variability*. The second practical point in winter dress is to *dress according to the weather*. It is not difficult to adapt at least the outer clothing to the greater or less cold of the day; it requires a little care and forethought, but it is worth the trouble. One may be helped in this matter by the weather bulletins. I trust that I shall not compromise the serious purpose of this paper by giving a bit of advice which will seem droll to some of my readers. It is none the less sound, and it is this: Dress according to the indications of the Signal Service when you can, that is to say, when they are borne out by existing weather. They are generally borne out; the morning papers tell us pretty accurately what sort of weather we are to have during the day, and for all but the most robust persons it is a simple matter of duty to guard against the waves of cold or heat that leap upon us from the West. Is it growing colder when you leave home in the morning, with warning of a cold wave sweeping eastward from St. Paul, and the mercury freezing in Northern Minnesota? Then put on your warmest overcoat, and tie a silk handkerchief or comforter around your neck; and do not forget the woollen stockings. Is it a mild winter's day, with promise of a still higher temperature before night? Then leave the wraps at home; they will be overheating, and make the skin too tender.

In fine, dress according to the actual need of the day, not forgetting what the day may bring forth in the way of a change before its close. Keep warm in the cold, and by keeping always warm enough and not too warm you will defy the doctor for many a day.

Titus Munson Coan.

THE IMPORTATION OF WORKS OF ART—MR. BELMONT'S BILL.

The bill recently presented in the House of Representatives by Mr. Belmont, placing on the free list all works of art and objects of artistic and archæological value, is the first notable result of the action taken in November last by the Society of American Artists. This society, after a careful discussion of the subject, passed unanimously a resolution in favor of the abolition of the duty on works of art, and voted to call the attention of Congress and the country to this action. The resolution was widely circulated and much commented upon, and while it has been re-voted by various artistic societies in all parts of the Union, it has been met by no open opposition to its principles.

It is a significant fact that this movement has originated in an organization largely composed of younger members of the artistic guild, most of whom have yet their spurs to win. They have found in their own country a discouraging lack of those influences which surrounded them while they were studying or practicing their profession abroad, and they have combined to secure, as near as possible, the same conditions under which they have hitherto found their progress most rapid and their zeal most stimulated. Although America is now one of the best picture markets in the world, it is the one country where it is impossible for a resident artist to profit from the chief advantage of a picture exhibition—comparison of his own works with the best contemporaneous productions. This because no foreign artist can afford to pay a duty of a tenth of the price asked for his picture on the remote chances of selling it in an exhibition, and because no picture dealer can afford to import works of art which are not sure to bring him profit. Further, America is the only country where the artist and the student find a penalty imposed on the prosecution of their studies by the discouragement of the importation of the most valuable aids to artistic development—photographs and engravings of the old and the modern masters, and plaster casts of the masterpieces of sculpture.

Mr. Belmont's bill is so comprehensive in its scope that it will probably meet, in the present excited state of the public mind on the tariff question, some obstruction to its passage; but since it undoubtedly embodies the desires of the artists and the art students of the United States, it seems not unreasonable to expect its final acceptance by Congress. The spectacle of the protected praying for relief from protection is too rare a one not to carry some weight of argument in itself.

The only opposition to this bill which ought to have a hearing will come from some artists who believe that their interests are protected by a tariff on the importation of works of art. They fear foreign competition, forgetting that scores of American artists who have chosen to reside in Europe have their full share of success there, forgetting that American pictures in the Salon and in the Royal Academy are often among the most notable works in these exhibitions—forgetting, in fact, that the moment native works can be compared with the rank and file of European productions, that moment the present fashion in favor of the foreign canvases will begin to wane. The ordinary cry against the free entry of works of art is that the abolition of the tariff will cause the country to be flooded with foreign rubbish. Certainly the opinion of any American artist who confesses to a fear of competition with this so-called foreign rubbish is scarcely worth taking on this question. Further, the duty of ten per cent. *ad valorem* does not prevent the importation of this class of pictures; it only prohibits the exhibition of a higher class of works, which can not be brought to this country at great expense on the simple chance of sale. This cry against foreign rubbish is but the echo of the wail which arose when the chromo first shed its lurid light on the art atmosphere of this country. Everybody then said that small painters would have to go to the wall, that chromos would fill the place of mediocre paintings, and that only the best artists would survive this terrible competition. People had said the same thing about photography and the portrait painter, but when the chromo came on the scene no one seemed to remember that photographs had only increased the demand for and facilitated the production of portraits. The chromo has had its uses. It has reached the remotest ranch in the savagest wild-cat civilization, and the germ there started will sooner or later develop into something better and higher in taste, for the love of art is contagious and of rapid growth. There is no such thing as flooding a picture market. Every dealer knows that the more he sells, the more he can sell. Apart, then, from all considerations of the development of public taste, of the high educational value of artistic productions, of our duties to ourselves and to posterity, all artists should, for their own progress and profit, welcome the introduction of Mr. Belmont's bill as a sign of the dawn of a new era in American art, when we may hold our place in the conclave of artistic people, modest though our representation may be, with a perfect faith that out of these small beginnings shall come noble and monumental results.

F. D. Millet.

THE LIEDERKRANZ BALL.

What do we of New York not owe to the Germans, not the Germans of the father-land, but the Germans "in our midst," or at least upon our east side. Beethoven would have composed and lager-beer been brewed if "the recoil of the revolutionary wave of 1848" had not flung upon our shores thousands, increasing later into tens and hundreds of thousands, of these excellent persons. But for the general diffusion both of the excitement of Beethoven and the mild stupefaction of the beverage which has so largely supplanted the more fervid and potent spirits which we formerly used to excess, we are clearly indebted to the German immigration.

It is a curious study for an idle social philosopher what New York—or, for that matter, any other American city of the North—would now be if it had proceeded solely along the lines of its earlier development, and if the German contingent had remained as inappreciable as, for example, the French element now is in its population. Our music, of the primitive leanness of which Mr. Richard Grant White has given a vivid picture in some recent magazine papers, and the leanness of which not even his amiable partialities as a praiser of time past can disguise, would have been virtually non-existent, for the native fiddler is much without honor and mostly void of skill, and the gospel of relaxation which Mr. Herbert Spencer inculcated after dinner would not have been far more persuasively preached by Teutonic example in gardens by the water-side.

Perhaps the most enviable point about the German, to the Anglo-Saxon mind, is that he is merry and not ashamed. The average Englishman or the average American still takes his pleasure sadly, as Froissart asserted of his remote progenitor. He needs an excuse for enjoying himself, and pretends to find it in some hygienic or moral mission. He cuts capers to strengthen his tibial muscles, or to show that he is not above innocent mirth. Advanced hypocrites even pretend that they go fishing on account of the fish. No man will admit that he is enjoying himself because he likes it and without reserve.

It follows—and this is the great truth we have been leading up to—that the Anglo-Saxon can not give a public ball. His private entertainments of that nature are of a majestic and processional character to the adult participants; and as for a respectable and solvent person of mature years permitting himself to be stampeded into wild whirlings upon the floor of a public ballroom, with his countenance divested of what Thackeray describes, in his countryman at a ball, as "its usual English expression of intense gloom and subdued agony," but gleaming with happiness and perspiration—the proposition is simply unspeakable. He abandons balls where people go to enjoy themselves either to children or to ruffians and rioters.

Now the German, it need scarcely be said, is superior to all this nonsense, and has given his name to a cotillion through which he prances with unaffected delight, but which is performed by persons of other nations as a ceremonial observance. And the only public balls given in New York that are at once worth going to, and that may be safely gone to, are those given by the German singing societies.

Of these societies the Liederkranz (the Garland of Songs, as the excellent sentimentalists who compose it call themselves) is the oldest and the most important, dating back almost to the beginning of the German invasion, for this of 1883 is its thirtieth annual ball, and in 1853 the Germans of New York were but a feeble folk. The Liederkranz has grown and prospered, having had for many years a club-house in Fourth Street, which it abandoned a few months ago for a new house and a more fashionable situation up town. Among its fifteen hundred members are many of the best and most solid of our German citizens, who know quite as well how to work as how to play. It has periodical club concerts, which are much prized by those who are so fortunate as to be bidden to them; but its only really public appearance during the year is at the Carnival masquerade, which this year was given at the Academy of Music on Monday, February 5.

The procession of the society is the spectacular feature of the ball, and this got under way from the adjoining supper-room at half past ten. The æsthetic and the humorous sense of the members and the ingenuity of their costumers were taxed in the attempt of every member to startle both his neighbors and the natives, who in great number witnessed from the boxes above the flow of the iridescent river upon the floor of the Academy. The various committees which had charge of the arrangements were uniformed in fancy dresses: the masquerade committee in the court dress of Louis XVI., with the ladies of the committee in corresponding costumes; the door committee in the dress of hunters from "the Nachtlage of Granada"; the floor committee in costumes of Louis XVI. again, but in four recognizable colors. Prince Carnival was, as he always is, a particularly stunning figure. Of course there was the usual miscellany of stereotyped masquerade characters, serious and comic, but there were also startling innovators, as a "Bacchante" and a "Fire Queen," and two sisters as Summer and Spring, in whom the most jaded frequenters of masquerades were compelled to acknowledge novelties. All Liederkranz balls are brilliant, but the connoisseurs seem to have settled that this Liederkranz ball exceeded all others in brilliancy. There were eight thousand persons present at it, and an unusually large proportion of them in fancy dress. The view of the floor from the galleries, in its unrepresentable evolutions of glancing light and shifting color, was worth going a long way to see.

After the parade of the society had been dismissed, the floor was opened to the dancers, and we may emphasize for the occasion one of the most familiar and honored of the observations of Jenkins, that "the festivities were prolonged to a late hour."

COLORADO SNOW-SLIDES.

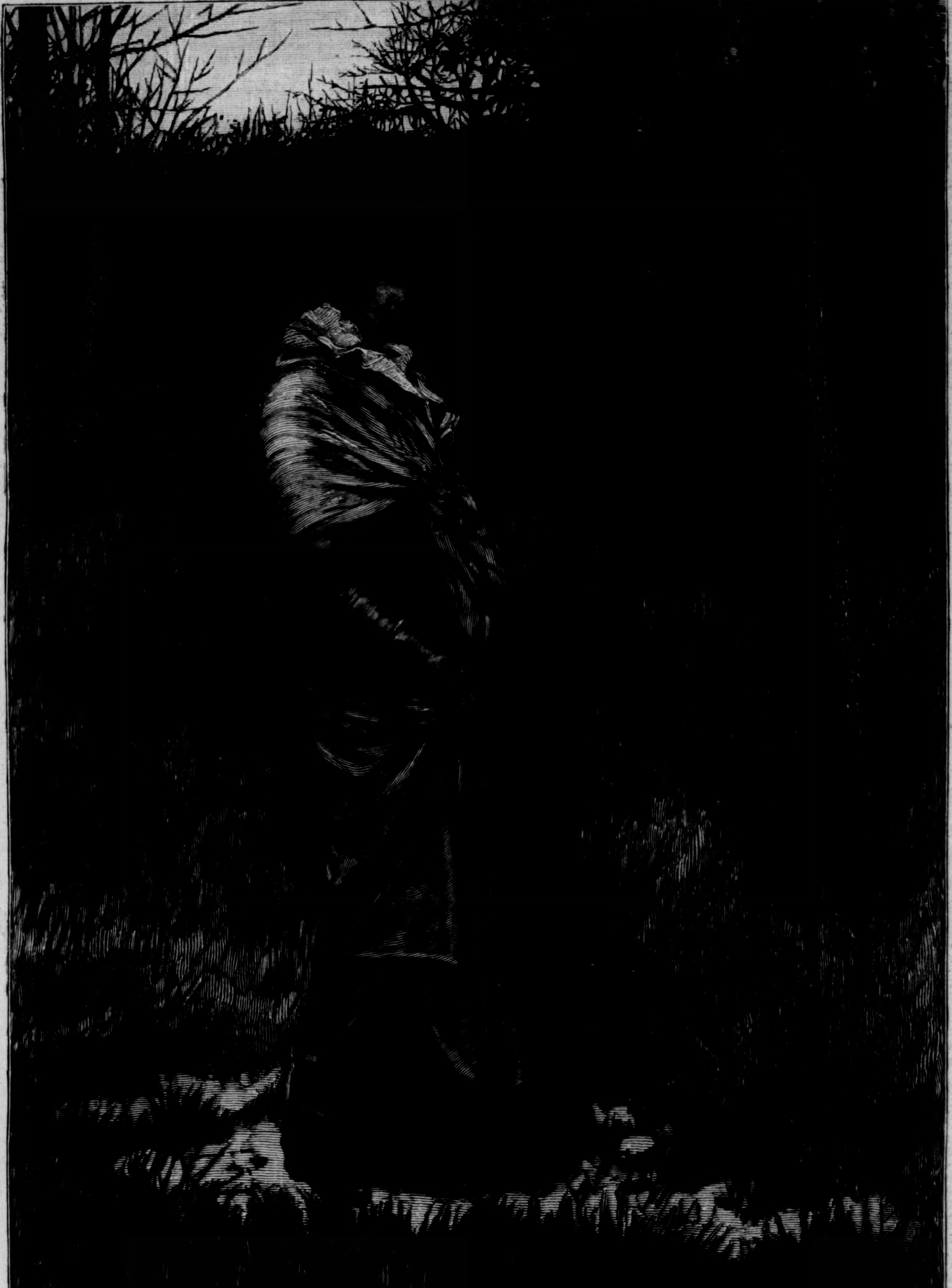
As the hardy miners and the scarcely less venturesome farmers penetrate the recesses of the vast ranges of mountains grouped under the general name of the Rocky Mountains, they are not infrequently exposed to dangers which are familiar in the song and story of the dwellers in the Alps, but which have been comparatively unknown in our country. Recent dispatches from Denver, the thriving chief city of Colorado, recount such an experience. West of the Front Range, which rises abrupt and frowning above this busy town, lies the Saguache Range, upon the slope of which the two forks of the Gunnison River have their source, and from which they flow in broad curves west and south to form, in joining, the Grand River. In these mountains are situated some of the richest of the mines of Colorado, while in the "parks" both east and west the fertile soil has attracted a considerable agricultural population. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, whose course is marked by as many ups and downs and sharp changes and dangerous turns as that of the stock of the company in Wall Street, approaches this region from the west, and sweeps with a varied curve along the base of the hills to the neighborhood of Ruby Peak. This mountain, some five thousand feet in height from base to summit, lies between Irwin on the southwest and Gothic on the northeast. Upon its sides are located the works of the Ruby Chief, Howard Extension, Oakes, and Durango mines, with others.

On the morning of Tuesday, January 30, about an hour after midnight, a "snow-slide," as our homely Western phrase terms an avalanche, started from the summit. The distance to the foot of the mountain is nearly a mile. The masses of snow, gathering force as they went, adding to their weight and velocity with every instant, and gathering in their embrace trees, rocks, and earth, swept with them all the shaft-houses and machinery of the mines, and buried them at the bottom of the gulch. The inmates of the buildings, eight in number, were carried down with the slide. In the early morning a party from the neighboring town was organized to rescue them, and after laborious digging, all were found. One, however, was dying, and two others were mortally wounded.

The danger ought not to have been unforeseen, for on the previous Saturday one Mr. Goodspeed, superintendent of the Paradise Mine, had undertaken to cross the same mountain near Gothic, had been overtaken by an avalanche, and hurled to the bottom of the neighboring gulch. So great was the mass of this slide that the body of the wretched man could not be recovered. The depth of snow beneath which he is buried is believed to be at least one hundred feet, and his lifeless form must be left until the return of spring unlocks his temporary tomb. And on the morning after the disaster at Irwin the town of Gothic was startled by a shock like that of an earthquake, the whole town trembling as a vast land-slide plunged past it.

The line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is peculiarly subject to this kind of accident. Something more than two years ago, in November, 1880, the company was pushing with great energy its Mokomo extension. A band of sixty workmen were engaged in clearing the roadway across a small stretch of level land at the foot of a mountain towering above them nearly three thousand feet. A construction train with a still larger party had just rolled away from the point. One of the laborers, as he cast a shovelful of dirt across the temporary track, noticed a quivering of the branches of some stunted pine-trees upon the mountain-side. Glancing up to learn its cause, he saw the whole mountain-side near the top in motion, though no sound had reached his ears. But his shout of terror, as he dropped his shovel to run, was mingled with a sullen roar that paralyzed his startled companions. Before they could follow him the snow-slide was upon them. It dashed the embankment into a cloud of dust, like the spray on the breaking crest of a great wave, and in the rushing mass of earth and snow the iron rails were torn from their places and twisted or broken like threads. Hearing the terrible crash, the band of men upon the construction train turned only to see the spot on which they had just left their companions piled high with a shapeless bank reaching far across the valley at the bottom of the pass. They hurried to the rescue, and a hundred pairs of arms were soon digging with desperate energy at the débris. Curiously enough, one-half the number of the buried men were extricated with only slight injuries. The remainder were all more or less severely wounded, chiefly by the fragments of iron from the track. One man was killed, and several were fatally hurt.

The most dangerous of these snow-slides are in the latter part of the winter, when the sun climbs higher in the heavens, and pours its warmer rays up on the surface of the lofty hills. The snow has a peculiar capacity for the absorption of the sun's heat, and as the layer subjected to this influence during the day is cooled at night, and frequently coated with a film of ice, the snow is frequently prevented from running off gradually. When, therefore, some portion more lightly supported than the rest, and most directly exposed near the summit of a slope, gives way, it carries with it the masses below, and forms what the Swiss picturesquely call the "avalance," swallowing everything in its course.

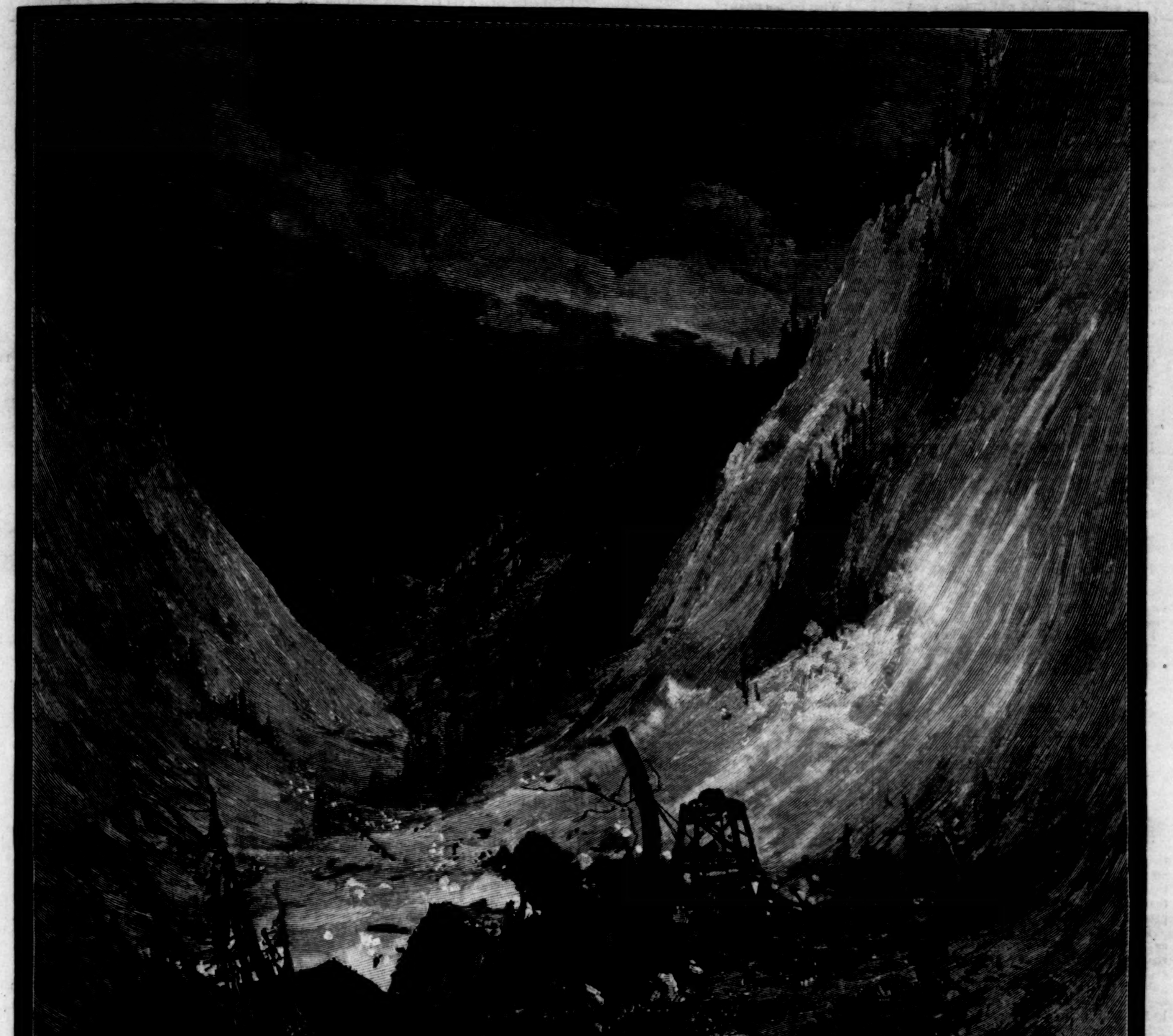


A·VALENTINE·TO·PHILLIS:

Sweet poets oft have ſung in rhyme,
How ſmall birds mate about this time,
Of good *Saint Valentine*;
When now and then a day doth bring,
A throbbing promiſe of the ſpring,
Sweet gentle *Phillis* mine.

So may thy heart quick fluttering beat,
With tremours at my coming, ſweet,
Who heart and ſoul am thine;
As flutters the bird and ſweetly fears,
When her ſwift winged love ſhe hears,
This day of *Valentine*.

For 'tis a ſweet old legend ſays,
The maid that walks abroad these days
Of *Biſhop Valentine*;
The youth that firſt her eyes do greet,
Shall be her love, ſo look, my ſweet,
That *I* may ſo be thine.



A SNOW-SLIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

AN OLD MAID'S VALENTINE.

She stood before a cabinet
That kept the faint and curious scent
Of all the spicy winds that blow
Across the Asian continent.
'Twas richly carved, and barred with gold;
And from its innermost recess
She took a paper, blurred and old,
And just one silky auburn tress.

She put it to her trembling lips;
She stirred it with her loving sighs:
The tenderness of a long life
Flashed to her feeble, failing eyes.
"I do not need to read," she said;
"I know the words: '*O Mary mine,*
For weal or woe, for life or death,
You are my own sweet Valentine.'

"'Tis fifty years ago to-day
(O love, O love, that thou shouldst die!):
The hour that brought my valentine
Received, alas! thy latest sigh:
And I sat singing like a bird,
So proud, so joyful, to be thine—
'For weal or woe, for life or death.'
And still thou art my Valentine.

"No other love has filled thy place,
No other voice has whispered, 'Mine';
Through all these long and lonely years
I have been true, dear Valentine.
I had no fear of growing old;
I calmly watched my beauty fade;
I heeded not the thoughtless scorn
Of those who pitied the 'old maid.'

"I am so old, so weak, so frail,
The waiting must be nearly o'er.
O darling, do not thou forget
To meet me first on yonder shore.
Parted for fifty years, and yet
I know that thou art only mine;
I touch thee through this auburn tress;
I hear thee through this valentine."

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.[*]

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience,"
"Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity,"
"For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SICK WOMAN.

The illness of Miss Brake had disturbed at last the serenity of Farm Forlorn. It was the beginning of the end of peace at Skegs Shore. It was that for which everybody had been waiting; for there had been no belief in the false calmness of preceding days.

This was the first shock—a test trial, as it were, as to the strength of mind and purpose, the strength of heart and power of sympathy, to be evolved from the illness of Hester Brake: a singular woman, who had come as a guest to the big farm, and whom no one understood, and few had had fair words for.

Nevertheless Miss Brake's illness did not leave her without friends; on the contrary, brought friends round her, and rendered her an object of interest. And when the doctors whom John Woodhatch had summoned to his house shook their wise heads together in consultation, and said it was a bad case—an extremely critical case—the interest grew keener; and more than one face, looking sadly toward the end, took deeper shadows to it when it was prophesied there was but little hope on earth for Hester Brake.

"One might almost wonder what she was born for," said John Woodhatch, musingly, on the fifth day of her illness, "so unhappy a life from childhood to the end as it has been. A bad father, a hard struggle to exist, the victim of desertion, poverty, ill health, and terrible misfortune, what has existence been worth to this poor little woman, Alec?"

"I'm thinking it would have been a deal warse without ye, John," answered the parson, whom he was addressing—"if ye had not stood her freend through thick and thin, in a true Woodhatch fashion."

"Do you blame me?"

"No. It has cost ye a deal of money, but ye have never cared much which way ye pitched it, having plenty of it," replied his friend.

"Why should I save money?"

"Are ye so impravident and rackless that ye think a rainy day mayn't come to ye as wall as to other folk?" asked Mr. Larcom.

"Ah, yes, it may," replied John Woodhatch; "and I will meet it as well as some people, and better than a good many."

"Which sounds a leetle conceited, John," said the parson, dryly.

"I am conceited."

"Yes, it's yeer failing at times," was the remark, "although ye are not as bad as ye were."

"I have had so much of the conceit taken out of me," John Woodhatch remarked.

"Through not listening to sarber, senseeble advice, I expect."

"Proffered gratuitously by Parson Larcom, too," answered John, with a little laugh. "Oh yes, I am often in the wrong. I don't see very far ahead, as I once thought I did, in my foolish vanity. But then who does see far? Who guesses what is coming?"

"Have ye looked ahead in any way as regards that poor sufferer upstairs?" inquired Mr. Larcom, and in a somewhat lower and more earnest tone, "and who is slipping slowly out of the warld under your hospeetable roof?"

"What do you mean?"

"There has been paid to her account now a matter of twenty thousand pounds, I reckon; the same amount as Morice will have when she comes of age, after deducting the neceessary expenses," said Mr. Larcom. "The money has reached England, and she's a rich woman already."

"If she had only had her money a couple of years ago!" said John; "it's but little use to her now."

"It's not on her mind at all, I'm thinking. She doesn't seem to be deestarbed about it in her ravings."

"How do you know?" asked his host.

"I put the question to Lucy, who is knocking herself up with looking after the poor soul," he replied; "and she says Hester does not seem troobled about her wealth in any way. It's the old beesiness of the murder over and over again; or else it's yeerself, who are keeping away from her, and will not go to see her at the last, fret as she may for ye."

"Poor Hester! I have seen her every day, but she does not know me," remarked Woodhatch.

"She took ye yesterday for young Morris's murderer, one of the maids tells me, and nearly screamed the house down."

"We have all been Morris's murderer in our time," responded the farmer, calmly; "even you, Alec Larcom, have not escaped suspicion."

"Why should I?" replied the parson, shrugging his shoulders. "I'm a hasty man, and I might have thought the warst of young Morris, as many other people did, Skegs Shore way. And I'm not at all certain," he added, lowering his voice, "that Hester Brake may not think so just the same, and to my serious prejudeece, and Lucy's."

"In what way?"

"There's a fortune to leave, John," said the parson; "and the doctors think she may recover her senses when the fever has worn itself out, and her alang with it. And though I'm not a marceenary man—the Lord forgive me if I ever was!—it's not preceesely natural to set money carelessly on one side."

"I don't quite make you out, Alec," said John Woodhatch. "When you were a hard-working honest missionary abroad, and saved me by good words and good example, you never spoke of money, never thought of it."

Parson Larcom looked down for an instant, abashed by the reproof.

"It was no use speaking or thinking of it, John," he answered, "when it was sheer wrastling for a crust of bread. And though I'm not marceenary, I've a daughter and a granddaughter to think of a great deal, and of meeself just a leetle. Ye can't say I ever deespised riches."

"No."

"And I certainly have been thinking that if the Lord pleases to take Hester Brake, our leetle Morice would stand as heir at law to her property, if she died without a will, which she will not."

"What makes you think that?"

"She is far too careful a woman," he answered, "too horribly beesiness-like altogether; and sax months ago she would have been afraid of the money coming to my family. And, knowing money was on its way to her, she would have made a will. I'm as certain as I'm standing here of that."

"You are quite right. She has."

"Oh! ye know, then, John?—ye know?" was the eager inquiry of the minister.

"Her last will and testament she completed a week or two ago," said Woodhatch, "and gave to me to mind. It is locked in that safe yonder, where I had hoped it might rest for many years, whilst peace of mind made Hester Brake a different woman."

"It is peace of mind which passeth all understanding," said the parson, almost mechanically, and as if in duty bound to improve the occasion; "but it cometh not to all men or women in this grievous warld. And ye are executor to the will, I suppose—probarbly sole legatee, as ye want for nothing, and won't know what to do with a frash fortune."

"I don't think I am," was the reply. "I hope not. But I don't know anything about the disposal of her money; I have not thought of it."

"Ye should ask her preesently—or some one else should," suggested Mr. Larcom.

"Ah!"

"I've no objection myself, for that matter, to ask her whether at the last, like this, a sanse of justice to us all may not have come to her. It will come in time too."

"We will wait for that time, Alec—which is God's, not ours," John Woodhatch answered, almost sternly.

"Amen—amen to that," cried Alec Larcom, in return. "That is what I mean, of course. The poor creature may pass away without a scrap of common-sanse to brighten her at the last."

"It is more likely than not."

One would have thought so, later in that day—which was known at John Woodhatch's farm as "Miss Brake's worst day"—when her high-pitched voice welled from the closed room to the corridors without, telling the sad story of disordered fancies and terrible conjectures born of a confused and half-real past. The next day she was calmer, if weaker; the following day calmer still, and with a steadier look in her dark eyes, as if wondering where she had been of late days, and what had happened to her to leave her no stronger than a little child.

On that second day she spoke in her old manner, but in a voice to which one stooped to catch the faintly whispered words. And it was Kitty, pale and worn and grief-stricken at the bedside, to whom she said, "Where are they all?"

"They are down-stairs, most of them," was the reply. "Is there any one whom you would like to see?"

"Not yet."

Hester Brake did not speak again for a long while; she dozed throughout the morning, waking now and then by fitful starts, and regarding Kitty with the old, far-away look, which her watcher had noticed all that day, until the eyes closed and she slept fitfully.

Before the sun was very low in the heavens, she said, softly, to Kitty, "How long have I been like this?"

"A week to-day."

"So long! Have you been here all the time?"

"Lucy and I have been nursing you between us. And once Mrs. Chadderton."

"Mrs. Chadderton! You should not have let her come into the room," she whispered.

"She has been very kind to you; and very anxious," said Kitty, "as we all have been."

"She must not come again. I do not like her," was the whisper back; "I can not trust her."

Hester Brake was exhausted with these few words, and did not speak again until the sun was going down, all crimson, in the far-away west, and there was a glow as of fire on patient and nurse.

"Have I given you much trouble, Kitty?" she asked, suddenly, and in a voice that had gathered to itself a little extra strength from long repose.

"No, no."

"I have been delirious?"

"Yes," confessed Kitty, "a little."

"What did I say?"

"I can not remember—I don't think it was possible to understand you, madam."

"Try and think what I said," urged the sick woman.

"I could not follow you. It—it was only like talking in your sleep. That was all."

"You must have got very tired of me, Kitty."

"No, Miss Brake."

"Why, you were tired of me when I was well and strong," she added, her old jealousy predominant even in this hour. "I was your enemy, who had done you a great wrong which you could not forgive."

"Pray don't think so. What you have done has always been for the best," said Kitty; "and it was as well—I dare say it was right—that I should know Greg did not care for me. I was a little sad, mistress, but I bore you no ill-will, God knows."

"God knows too much for us poor women," was the strange reply; "but as you have not learned to hate me with the rest of them down-stairs, I am very glad. I should not like you to turn against me now."

Kitty bowed her head lower to hide the tears away from the gaze of the woman lying there, and a long silence followed this again. When Hester Brake would have spoken, Kitty said, quickly, "Hush! please, dear mistress. You must not talk so much. I have done wrong already in listening to you."

"I wonder what time I have got! Remind me," she added, "to ask the—doctor that."

She did not need reminding of the question, and Kitty would not have assisted her had she forgotten it. When the doctor was at her bedside, and congratulating her in his false, cheery tones on her better condition that day, she said, almost with her old sharpness evident,

"How long have I to live?"

"My dear madam—that is really—it is surely—I can not say at all," he stammered forth.

"I have much to arrange," she said, calmly, "and to deceive me would be a crime on your part."

"Madam, it is not in my power to tell you how long you may be spared," replied the doctor. "I can only urge you to keep calm, and to assure you that any excitement is most dangerous."

"I am quite calm."

"Yes."

"And keeping calm as this, I may live—how long?"

"I have said I can not say."

"I am not likely to recover?" she asked, quickly. "There is no hope for me, you consider?"

"I am sorry to say there is no hope," replied the doctor, softly; "but there is no immediate cause for apprehension."

"Shall I be alive this time to-morrow?"

"You may live some days—with care."

"I will be very careful," was the reply.

When the doctor had withdrawn, and Lucy Brake had stolen in to take her post as nurse, and allow Kitty to withdraw, the invalid looked at the new-comer with grave interest, and even smiled faintly as she stooped and kissed her.

"You have forgiven me, Lucy, then?" she asked.

"All that I have to forgive—yes, long ago," answered the young widow.

"I wanted the truth of it all, and you to know the truth," she murmured, "nothing more."

"Yes, yes; but we will not speak of it again," said Lucy.

"Not yet. Presently."

"Presently!"

"I shall have more to say soon; and I shall be very strong to say it," remarked Hester Brake, with an amazing confidence, not warranted by this feeble life flickering out to its close.

CHAPTER XV.

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

Parson Larcom, disturbed in his mind by thoughts of money matters, had his wish next day—the wish that lay nearest to his heart just then. Good man as he was in many respects, an earnest, red-hot Methodist, who meant what he said, and acted up in many ways to his own teaching, there was a keen consciousness of the value of money in his eyes, born of much early privation, and what more worldly people would have called a long run of ill luck. His life had been a struggle—would have been a harder struggle still without John Woodhatch to befriend him in the old cruel days; and it was not in his nature—scarcely in human nature—to see money to which by right his family was entitled drifting away from him, as he was sure it was drifting away, without any power of his to stop it.

He had been poor all his life, and there should have come riches to Lucy and Morice—he was scarcely thinking of himself, he considered—and Hester Brake was doing them all an injustice by allowing her will to remain as it was, in John Woodhatch's safe, bequeathing twenty thousand pounds away from those who by law were most entitled to it. The first twenty thousand could not be touched till Morice was of age—although the interest, it had been decreed, should go to her support and education—and he was getting an old man. Miss Brake would think of that—a woman without friends too—presently. Justice, as a rule, comes very close to one's heart when the great waves of eternity roll on to the sands whereon the poor mortal is waiting.

It was Mrs. Chadderton who came to him with what he thought good news.

"Miss Brake wishes to see you directly, sir," she announced.

"To see me!" he exclaimed, leaping to his feet.

"Yes, sir."

"Is she—does she appear very anxious about seeing me, Mrs. Chadderton?" he asked, full of his one idea of the motive for the interview.

"I can not say," was the sullen answer; "I am not allowed to go into the room."

"Indeed! How's that?"

"I am not good enough, or not to be trusted," was the response.

"That's sheer nonsense, Mrs. Chadderton," remarked Mr. Larcom; "every one here knows ye are honest and trustwarthy."

"As if I were her enemy—as if I did not love her more than my own life; and would give mine—God, how willingly!—to save hers for a little while!" she cried, with one passionate and sudden outburst, which took away a great deal of the breath of Parson Larcom.

"Do ye know her, then, better than the rest of us? Have ye in old days, Ann Chadderton, ever met her, been indebted to her, seen—"

"Nothing," was the reply, as she turned aside and went rapidly from him.

Mr. Larcom did not reflect very long upon this unlooked-for outburst of grief or indignation from the woman, generally so stolid, who acted as housekeeper at Farm Forlorn; under other circumstances her demeanor would have more quickly interested him. Now was the great, grand opportunity of his life; and Hester Brake had, of her own free-will, expressed an anxious wish to see him. The conviction of having wronged him and Lucy and Lucy's child had come quickly home to her, it appeared, and here was the hour of restitution. On the stairs toward her room he paused and thought a moment.

"What will John Woodhatch say to this, I warnder?" he said to himself, as if half afraid of his friend, or of his opinion of him. And if this hard, stern Methodist had loved any of his kind, it was the master of Farm Forlorn; and valued any man's opinion, it was the opinion which John Woodhatch might always have of him.

"Wa'al," he added, as he proceeded on his way, "he will think the best of everybody always. It's his failing; but he will, poor John. And," he added, irresolutely again, "I am in the right completely, which way he looks upon it. There can not be much doubt of that."

When he passed into the room he had not even a doubt to disturb him; and it was quite in a business-like way that he walked to the bedside and looked down upon the thin white face of the woman lying there.

"And how do ye find yeerself this morning, Hester?" he inquired.

"More composed, Mr. Larcom. Perhaps even a little stronger," she replied, "or I should not have sent for you."

"It's as well to see all friends when ye can, and arrange all things that may be necessary with them," said the parson.

"Yes, I think so."

Mr. Larcom sat down by the bedside, and took his pocket Bible from his coat. The eyes of Miss Brake wandered toward it, and she said, faintly:

"Not now, please. Presently the words of promise may be of help to one more sinner here, and—I shall be glad to hear them. But," she said again, "not now."

"I thought a few appropriate varses would not be out of place. But I will not prass the question," said Mr. Larcom; "and as it may be beesiness of an important nature, perhaps Miss Vanch will not mind leaving us awhile?"

Kitty had been standing on the other side of the bed, and she looked to her mistress for instructions.

"You need not leave us," said Hester; "there is no great secret in this. You know what I am likely to say to Lucy's father."

"Yes, I think so," answered Kate; "but—"

"But remain," was Miss Brake's mandate.

Kitty bowed her head; but by way of compromise walked to the window of the room, sat down before it, and looked out upon the quiet landscape. Mr. Larcom did not feel as sure as he had done upon the stairs that the great question as to the disposal of her worldly goods was in any way affecting the mind of Hester Brake.

"I wish to speak to you of Lucy," she commenced.

"Oh yes!" said Mr. Larcom, brightening again, "to be sure. She is your sister-in-law—and I am glad ye think of her in kindness now."

"She has been very kind to me," remarked Miss Brake. "Almost as kind as Kitty there, and I begin—perhaps for the first time in my life—to value the warmth of heart she has, and to see for myself her natural earnestness."

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"She's a good girl," said Mr. Larcom, "and for one so young has passed through many trials. Which have improved her, too," he added, "as trials will do vary often."

"There is much talk of you both going abroad—even of living abroad—is there not?" asked Hester.

"Wa'al, yes," he replied. "It may be neecessary for the property which our little Morice will inherit a long day hence—and Skegs Shore is vary dull."

"To you?"

"To Lucy. She requires change," he said—"here are some tarebeel associations, and we have never had the means to get away from them."

"They are in the distance," she replied, "and you have borne the worst of them like me, and I—I don't like John Woodhatch to lose all his friends at once."

"I was not exactly thinking of friend John."

"Ah! but you must. He has hard trials to come, and will want true friends about him, and new hopes to replace the old which have been torn up by the roots. And you," she continued, "are a minister of God's word, his oldest friend, and indebted to him, as we all have been. Under no circumstances that I can see are you privileged to desert him."

"Gard bless me, Hester!" exclaimed Mr. Larcom, "I'm not likely to desart him. I am always his friend, as he is mine. But he don't like patronage, and he is proud of his own way."

"And he loves your daughter Lucy," she added, quietly.

"He did—once, at any rate."

"He does now."

"He never says so."

"Because he is the proud man of whom you have just spoken," she said, "and will not add to Lucy's anxiety by speaking of his love for her ever any more, unless—"

"Unless?"

"Unless a change occur in her, and she begin to see where her affection should naturally turn. She has thought too long of my brother Morris."

"That's true enough," asserted Mr. Larcom, "but I'm fancying we need not talk of this."

"It is all I have to say to you," remarked Hester.

"Ah, indeed," was the almost rueful comment here.

"And it is upon my mind," she continued, "it is before me always, that she is going away from him—she who only can make his life light, in return for all these dreary, desolate days which he has had. Mr. Larcom," she added, with more earnestness, "you do not know John Woodhatch yet, the nobleness there is in his repentance, the earnest task which he has set himself, the good that has lain like gold always at his heart."

"Yes, yes," asserted Mr. Larcom; "but let us be more calm about this."

The Methodist was puzzled. He did not understand this praise and glory of John Woodhatch, or see clearly the motive for it all. Why should Hester Brake be so anxious concerning John's future, and Lucy's love for him? Was it not an old story which was ended?—a sealed book, the leaves of which could never rustle more?

"She will learn to love him, if you will help me now," she continued, eagerly. "She is your daughter; you will have influence over her; she will see it is best."

He was not quite certain it *was* best himself. The world had changed with him and Lucy, and John Woodhatch was five years older than when he had thought it would be wise and well for Lucy to accept him. Lucy would never marry, probably; but if she did, with her good looks, and in her different sphere abroad, she might do better for herself in all respects. He was not quite certain about John Woodhatch now as a son-in-law; John was a friend very dear to him—how dear he did not know yet—but Alec Larcom was a calculating man, and, after all, there was the daughter Lucy to consider first.

"We must leave it to time," he replied. "I don't see there is anything to be done at present."

"There is a good deal to be prepared for."

"Oh! is that it?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Haven't I said so already?" she demanded, peevishly. "You heard me say there were fresh troubles coming to him."

"How can ye know that, Hester?"

"I must tell him all the trouble before I die. That is my last duty," she replied.

"What have ye been keeping back from him—and me?" he inquired.

"I will tell him everything, and leave him to act as he thinks best. And the best," she cried, "is only desolation."

Mr. Larcom gave a vigorous twitch to his right ear. Was she delirious? Was she wandering again in that poor weak head of hers?

"Man is born unto trouble," he remarked, sententiously; "and John Woodhatch will bear all that is meant for him as well as most folk—better than a good many."

"With Lucy—yes," answered Hester. "And though she is not fit for him, does not understand him, has never cared for him, still he has set his heart on her, and he must have her, Mr. Larcom."

Mr. Larcom was surprised at this peremptory assertion, but he would not utter anything by way of opposition.

"We must leave it to Lucy. I have nothing to say myself," he said.

"She will not look back at Morris now as a saint struck early from her life, but as a poor vain mortal, who was not, even in the first months of his marriage, an honest, faithful husband. If Morris had lived," she said, "hers would have been an unhappy and distrustful life to the end. He was very weak."

"It is not considered well of us, Hester, to speak ill of the dead," he said, reprovingly.

"I loved him very much," she answered. "With all his faults he was very dear to me; but it was right she should know the truth when the false picture of what he really was kept her life in darkness. And I told the miserable truth to her."

"And I don't suppose she was excesseevely obliged to ye, Hester," he said, dryly.

"She will guess the reason presently. And with your help, Mr. Larcom," she added, "Lucy will be a happier woman, and that help you will promise a poor dying friend."

"I wonder ye did not tackle Lucy instead of me," he said, with a half groan of discontent. "All this kind of beesiness is enteerly out of my line."

"Lucy would turn against me even at the last. She is not always just."

"She's a woman," added Mr. Larcom, "and a leetle variable."

"And you promise me?" she urged again.

"To do always my best for the happiness of John Woodhatch," said the minister, more earnestly, "I give you Alec Larcom's sarlemn ward, I will. And I would have done so always, Hester, without such a poor promise as ye ask of me."

"Yes—you ought," she continued, with a sigh, "but you would not have known what was best for him—he would have hidden it away from you and Lucy—had I not told you for myself."

"Ye—es. Thankee, child," he muttered. "And are ye sure there's nothing more to tell me—to ask me?"

"Nothing."

"No warldly affairs to ask my adveece upon—now ye are a rich lady?" he blurted out at last.

"All that is settled, thank Heaven! My worldly affairs can not trouble me again," she murmured.

"Then I need not keep ye talking any longer, Hester?" he said, rising.

"No," she responded. "I have wearied you too much already. But I wanted your word of honor to me—I felt it would strengthen me at the last. And," she added, "as you keep your word, so will God remember you, old friend."

He bowed his gray head at this, and looked hard at her, as if suspecting she suspected him, or had another motive for so grave an exordium at the last. Then he leaned over her, kissed her forehead as if in farewell of her, and went from the room. When he had gone, Kitty hastened to her side.

"Oh! my dear mistress, you have talked too much—you have excited yourself beyond your strength, I am sure."

"No; I am better already," she answered, with a strange smile; "I am getting quite strong."

"I wish you were."

"I have only one more task before me—and that will not be to-day," she added, as Kitty glanced nervously toward her, "and He will give me strength for it, I am sure."

"Will you not try and rest a little?"

"I am a little weary, perhaps. What time is it?"

"Nearly twelve o'clock."

"Yes, I will rest."

She closed her eyes, and went off immediately into a sound slumber—so deep a slumber that the doctor came into the room without disturbing her, and seeing how calm and regular her sleep was, went away without arousing her, and with a promise to return at a later hour. The day stole on; the afternoon sun shone into the room, upon the pattern of the wall, the pictures there, the ceiling overhead, and then flickered away along the line of house roof without, and died away for good. Kitty was replaced by Lucy, and Lucy, on some errand of her father's, was called away after an hour's watchful service, and when Hester Brake awoke it was in the twilight of the day, and with the room full of shadow.

"Kitty!" she said, softly; and Kitty not replying to her, she called out, in a stronger tone, "Lucy, is that you?"

A figure rose from a chair behind the curtains, and a voice said, very humbly, and with much tremor in it, "No, madam; it is I."

"And you are—"

"Ann Chadderton," said the housekeeper, as she came slowly round the bed and took her place by the side of the sick woman.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Hester Brake. "Have I not given orders days ago you should not be admitted to this room? Are you not always a terror to me—a living horror I can not bear to meet?"

"Young Mrs. Brake was called away a moment since. She did not wish you to be left. I was at hand," exclaimed Mrs. Chadderton, unmoved by Hester Brake's strong condemnation of her; "and Mrs. Lucy will not be very long."

"Where is Kitty?"

"Asleep. I would not have her disturbed by any one just now," was the deep response; "it is the only rest which she may get to-night."

"Poor Kitty! Yes. But," she said, in a tone less firm, "you must not stop with me. I would rather lie here alone until Lucy returns. Leave me, I beg of you."

"I will go," said the housekeeper. "Heaven forbid I should in any way distress you! But will you tell me why you hate me, or what harm, in any way, at any time of my life, I have done to you? I may have done you harm some years ago, when I was bad; but, oh! I don't remember it! Yours is not a face belonging to bad times."

"*When* you were bad!" said Hester Brake, with bitter irony.

"Yes, Miss Brake, for you know what I was, I dare say."

"I am content in knowing what you are. Pray go. And if you have any wish to do me service—"

"As I have!" came the quick interruption, "and if it is only in my power to do it."

"Then keep away forever after this—from me," murmured Hester. "Don't let me see you in this life again. I shall not trouble you long—and you stand before me like a spectre which I can not face."

"Why?—please tell me why, Miss Brake?" she asked again. "If you only would do that!"

"John Woodhatch will tell you soon enough."

"Very well."

Mrs. Chadderton walked away from the bedside with her gaze directed toward the carpet. As she passed round behind the curtains at the bed's foot, and which were drawn closely and hid her from the sick woman, she came to a full stop, and Hester Brake waited in vain for the clicking of the door lock that should tell of the housekeeper's departure. It was a painful suspense, which might have tried the nerves of one in full health and vigor, and suspectful of the person unseen in the background, but Hester Brake lay very still, and with her dark eyes watchful and wondering, but hardly betraying any fear of what might follow this.

Her faintly beating heart stirred more, perhaps, as Mrs. Chadderton's slight figure once again appeared, and this time advancing toward her, not moving away as Hester had adjured her, and as she had promised that she would.

Mrs. Chadderton's face was very white and lined—seemed, as it were, to have taken ten years more of age upon it, and twenty years more of grief and misery, as she returned to her old place at the bedside and looked down on Hester Brake.

"I shall see you no more," she cried, "and this is the last time you and I are to meet in this world. You say so?"

"Yes. I say it—I hope it, Mrs. Chadderton; but I am very powerless."

"Your wish is law with me," replied the housekeeper.

"I wish it, then."

"Then listen to me for one moment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THREE WORDS, AND NO MORE.

Beautiful bird, from your Southern home bringing
  Promise that Spring will soon wander this way,
High in the silvery willow boughs singing
  Songs to your lady-love, tell me, I pray,
  What to enchant her so sweetly you say?

For I would send my own dear one a letter
  Wreathed with a garland of crocuses fine—
Blooms long ago chosen young Cupid to fetter
  On days that are sacred to St. Valentine;
  Then make, I entreat you, your magic charm mine.

"Simple the story," the bird answered, proudly,
  "That's set as a charm in the music I pour
Forth from my full heart, now softly, now loudly,
  But it never wearies, though told o'er and o'er—
  'I love you, I love you'—three words, and no more."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Fishing with axes is a novel winter sport in the far West. The Truckee River is frozen to the bottom. "Passing over the glassy surface of the stream," says a Nevada paper, "whole schools of trout are seen firmly fixed just where the cold wave struck them. The ranchmen living along the river now go fishing with axes, and in some places chop out a dozen of the speckled beauties in a bunch."

There are indications that some pleasure party which returned from Europe not very long ago has the incubus of a dishonest act weighing on its collective conscience, and that some custom-house inspector, if he is not proof against inner accusations, is carrying a like weight. The United States Treasurer received an envelope a few days ago containing ten dollars and a letter in which the anonymous writer says that the money is the estimated amount due the government on dutiable articles brought from Europe. He adds: "If I could have made head or tail of the tariff, I would have paid the duty honestly at once, and not have suffered myself to be overruled by the other members of the party, and beguiled into paying the custom-house inspector instead of the United States."

A scientific writer estimates that there are already one hundred million tons of gas in the air. What the amount will be when Congress gets through with the tariff question he doesn't attempt to guess.

An Orange County milkman leaped from his milk cart and took to the woods. It was at first thought that he had hydrophobia, but it proved to be delirium tremens.

Bogus noblemen are becoming audacious. Several London hotel-keepers have been swindled recently by them. American landlords could give their English brethren points for the detection of the swindlers. A bogus duke was betrayed at a hotel in this country not long ago by the fact that his boots were shockingly run down at the heels.

Citizens of this progressive republic are never reduced to the humiliation of saying that the population of their city or town is just so many thousands, hundreds, tens, and units. The census figures are always a few years behind the count, and the proud resident can invariably add a few thousands for the estimated increase. Persons who complain of the tardiness of the official figures should consider this and rejoice.

Some nervous and over-solicitous persons have been making an outcry for fire-escapes on college dormitories. When college students abandon the practice of leaving farmers' wagons astride the ridge-poles of gymnasia, stalling stray horses in chapel belfries, and going hand over hand up lightning-rods on a freezing night to execute a scheme for muffling the college bell's tongue with congealed water, it will be time to appeal to the wealthy alumni for funds with which to erect and maintain fire-escapes.

Complaint is made in London that when an actor throws his lighted cigar on the stage he may cause a fire. The practice is also an unnecessary waste. He might present the cigar to the gentleman in the nearest proscenium box. Another safe and economical way would be to use a pipe.

A warmer wave following in the wake of a "blizzard" causes a Minneapolis paper to exclaim: "Thank goodness the upper half of the thermometer is coming into use at last!"

A correspondent at Albany styles the Monday evening sessions of the Legislature "the weekly dress parades." The galleries are thronged with ladies, and many seats on the floor are yielded up to them. "The handsomest and most polished of the members," the correspondent writes of a recent Monday night session, "buttoned up their Prince Alberts and delivered speeches on every measure that came up." As social successes these sessions are pronounced unsurpassable, but as legislative events they are deemed of little account.

The Japanese Department of Agriculture is interesting itself in oyster-planting. Probably the Japanese name for the department is such that it includes mariculture, and thus the seeming incongruity does not exist.

There is a difference between a Sandwich Islands "blizzard" and one of the North American variety. The Hawaiian *Gazette* says: "A cold snap is reported from all parts of the island. At Wailuka, on Monday morning, the glass stood at 60°."

A resolution recently introduced in the Assembly providing for the printing of two thousand five hundred copies of a diagram of the Assembly Chamber brought out a frank announcement of his position from one of the legislators. "Last year," he said, "I voted for a similar resolution. I didn't get a diagram. This year I am heartily in favor of economy, and therefore I vote No."

"A vast ice gorge blocks the mouth of the Youghiogheny." This is retaliation in kind. The Youghiogheny now knows how it feels to have its own mouth blocked.

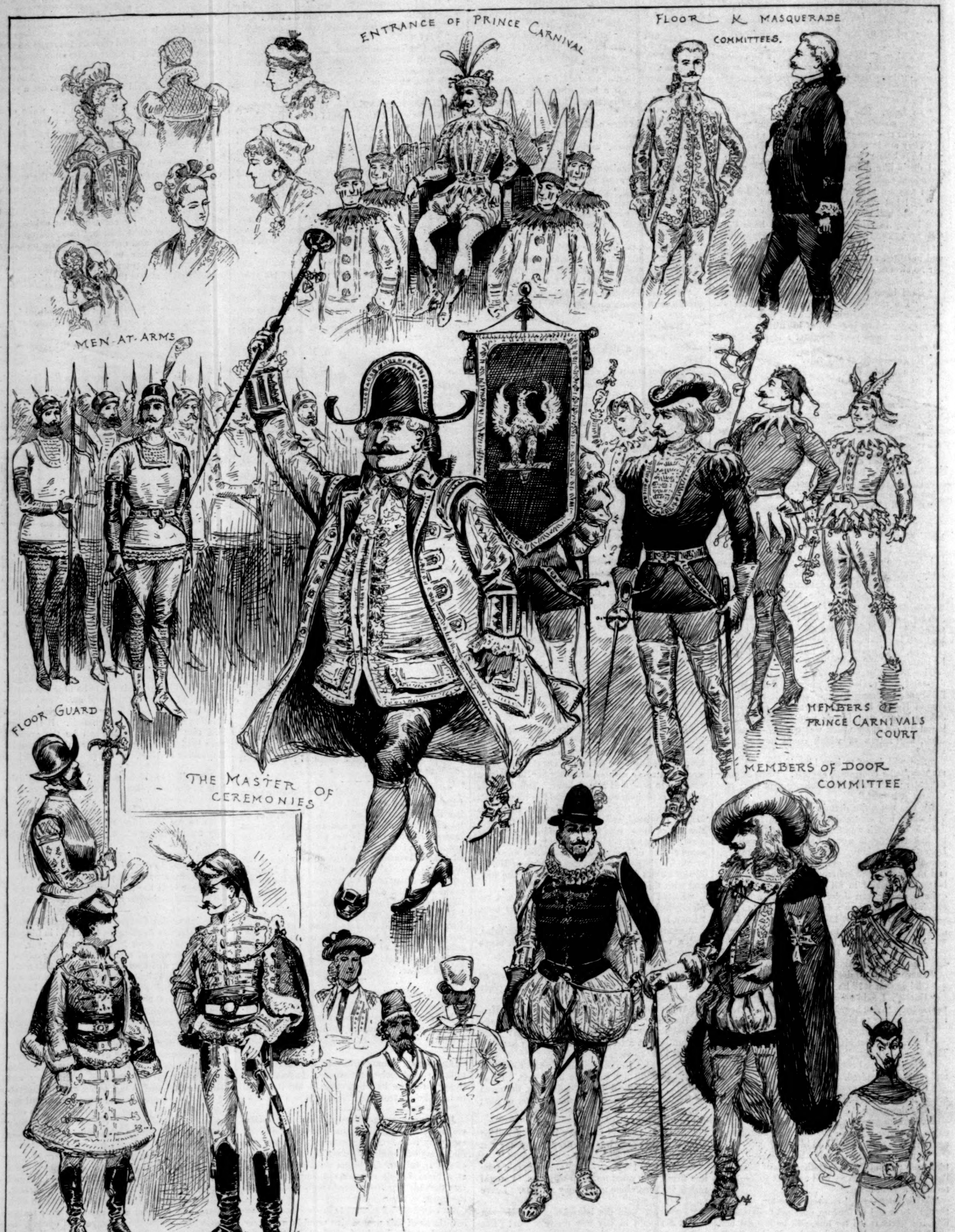
Preparations for a Southern Exposition on a grand scale, to begin in Louisville, Kentucky, on the 1st of next August, and to continue during a hundred days, are going on. The main building, now in course of construction, will cover about thirteen acres, and will cost some $150,000, exclusive of interior embellishments and machinery. The exposition grounds are to be near the southern end of Fourth Street, and arrangements are in progress for horse-car and steam-car communication directly with the grounds. It is promised that the exposition shall be the greatest ever held in this country, save the Centennial Exposition of 1876.

According to the account of a recent day's debate in Congress, Representative Brewer, of New Jersey, is easily astonished. The abstract of his remarks says that he "expressed his astonishment to see how little men knew about things they knew nothing about." The debate was, of course, on the tariff.

Disdaining to count by centuries, the people of New Mexico are making preparations to celebrate what they style the tertio-millennial of Santa Fe—the 333d anniversary of its settlement.

An interesting feature of the National Exposition of Railway Appliances, to be held in Chicago from May 24 to June 23 of the present year, will be the collection of relics of the earlier days of constructing and operating railways. The secretary, Mr. E. H. Talbott, whose head-quarters are at the Grand Pacific Hotel, invites persons having knowledge of the existence of relics of that nature to communicate with him. The management of the exposition looks to the East for many interesting contributions to the display.

In the course of recent excavation for a tramway tunnel, designed to facilitate communication between Naples and Pozzuoli, a discovery was made in which archæologists are greatly interested. It is an under-ground way, constructed apparently for the passage of water, and it is conjectured that the conduit once served to supply water to the old Roman villas situated on the side of Posilippo hill, between Naples and Pozzuoli, and to other villas which were destroyed long ago. The conduit is arched, is high enough for a man of medium stature to walk upright in it, and wide enough to allow two men to walk abreast. Two-thirds of the inner surface is covered with plaster, and the rest was incrusted with stalactites, which, when the passage was opened, became liquefied, and ran down over the walls, making a silicate deposit. One branch of the conduit was traversed for a quarter of a mile toward the sea. The other runs deeper into the hill, and on its walls are inscriptions made with nails, and believed to indicate the villas which were supplied. The date of an inscription found between two layers of plaster is indicated by the words "Nerva Consule." There are other inscriptions in red letters. It is suggested that these passageways were branches of the large aqueduct which conducted the "Claudian" water from Sora to Naples. Guards have been placed at the entrances, and there will be further exploration in the interests of archæology.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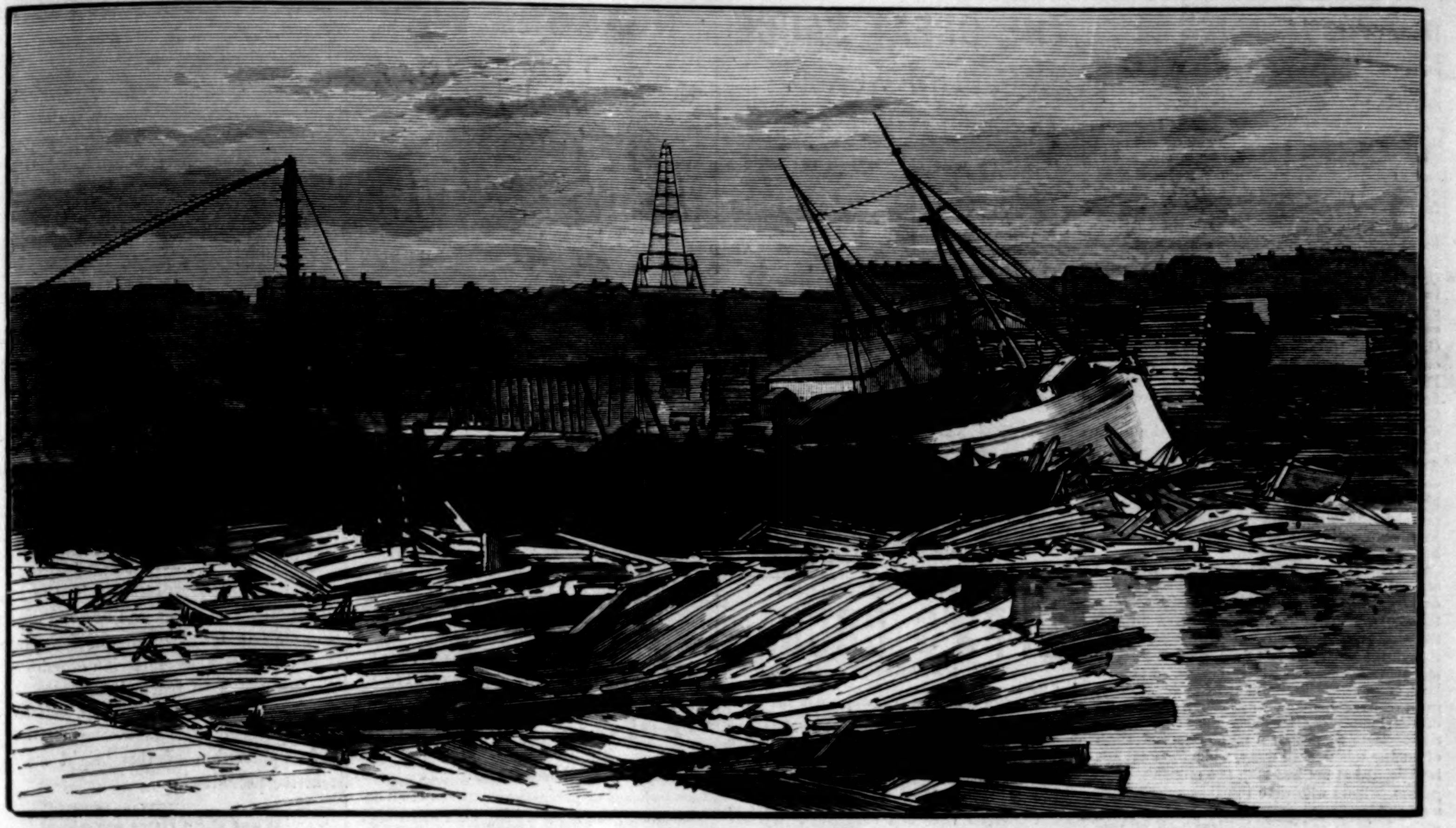
HUNGARIAN HUSSARS.
CHARLES IX
LOUIS XVI
Gray-Parker

THE LIEDERKRANZ BALL.—Character Sketches by Gray-Parker.—[See Page 103.]



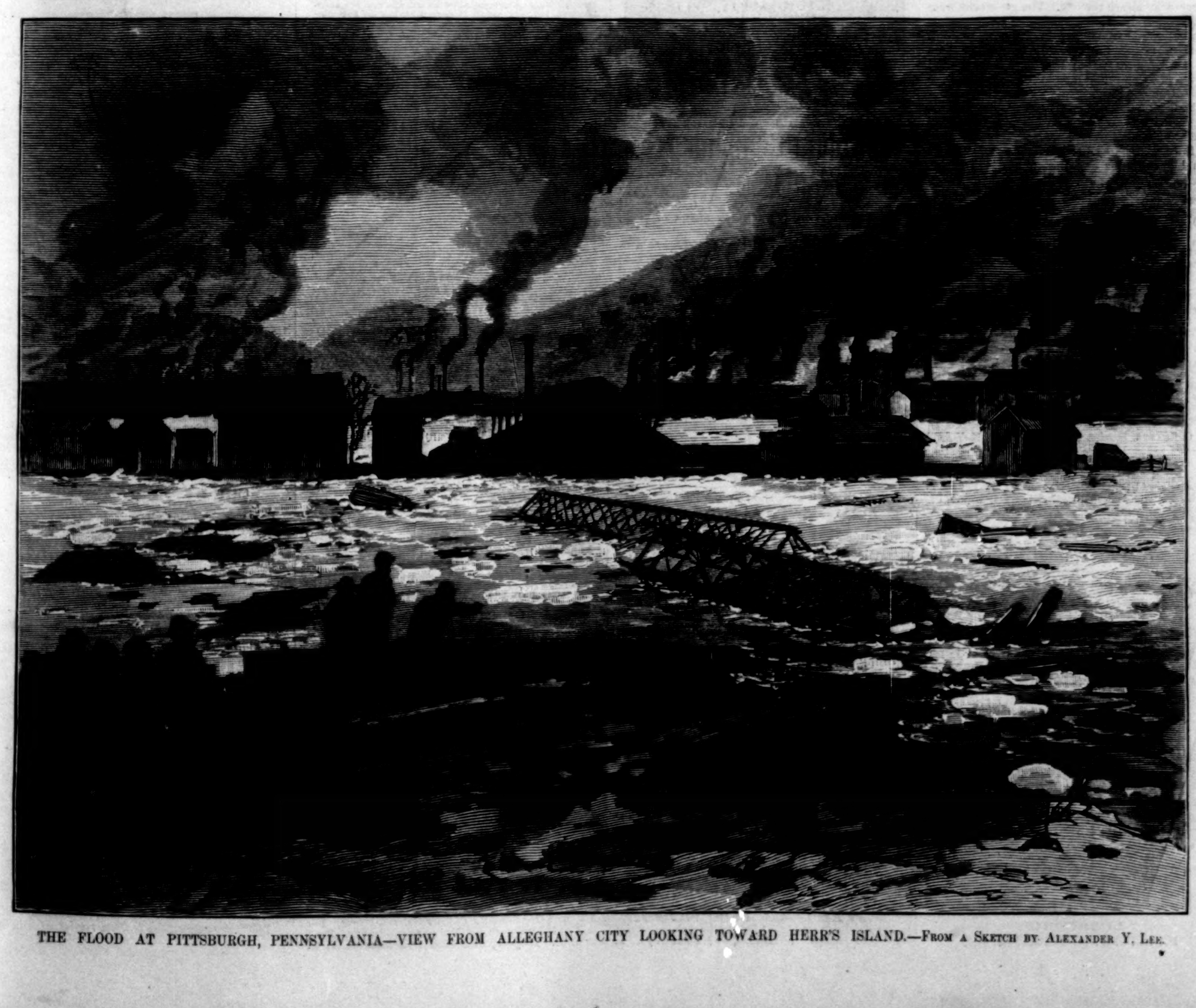
THE FLOOD AT CLEVELAND, OHIO—VIEW FROM THE GREAT WESTERN DISPATCH FREIGHT-HOUSE, SCRANTON AVENUE.—From a Photograph by J. F. Ryder.

THE SEASON OF SNOWS AND RAINS.

The first days of February are of ill omen for the dwellers in the valleys of the smaller rivers of the United States, and particularly in those debouching upon the Ohio or the lakes, and some of those along the Mississippi. The ground is yet hard from the frosts of winter. The streams are covered with ice. The snow lies on the hill-sides and in the recesses of the valleys. The first breath of the approaching spring melting the surface snow, covering the land with mist and fog, is followed by wide rains or still wider areas of "thaw." The water formed by the melting snows or precipitated from the teeming clouds flows unabsorbed over the hardened earth. The ice, penetrated by the warm winds and rotted by the brooding vapors, yields to the pressure of the swollen streams, breaks from the banks, floats with the hastening current, and finally, choked in the narrow or shallow passes, forms immense dams, above which the impatient floods accumulate until they burst their barriers and sweep downward, carrying destruction in their track. Each recurring spring seems, from causes not yet clearly determined, to bring a more or less regular increase in these floods, the exceptions only lulling those who are exposed to a false security, and making more victims for the added violence which is almost sure to be experienced.

The State of Ohio on one side and of West Virginia on the other side of the Ohio River are peculiarly subject to this kind of disaster. In Ohio there are no mountains, strictly speaking, and the "divide," or "water-shed," which traverses the State in a direction a little south of west, is nowhere more than twelve hundred feet in width. But the streams which rise on these gentle slopes and flow, on the south into the Ohio and on the north into the lakes, wind their way between banks usually from one hundred to four hundred feet in height, and relatively abrupt. The soil is soft and rich, and when unfrozen absorbs moisture readily, but at this season of the year the river-banks are like the sides of irregular canals, within which the angry streams may and do rise to considerable heights.

On the night of the 2d to the 3d of February a heavy rainstorm extended eastward from Chicago over the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, while westward snow was fall-



THE FLOOD AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA—VIEW FROM ALLEGHANY CITY LOOKING TOWARD HERR'S ISLAND.—From a Sketch by Alexander Y. Lee.

ing. The railways through Minnesota, already greatly impeded by previous snow-falls, were wholly blockaded, and all attempts to cross the State from east to west were abandoned for several days. Still further west the Union Pacific and Utah Northern railways were blockaded, and four days' snow in Wyoming broke off all communication. For twenty-four hours no trains arrived in Chicago, and as the storm changed to sleet, the telegraph wires broke under the icy weight, and no dispatches entered or left Chicago for nearly a day.

Toward the east the railway bridges on the lines crossing the States of Indiana and Ohio were everywhere undermined or carried away. On the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago twenty bridges were wholly or partially destroyed. The trains were compelled to feel their way cautiously through the fog and the darkness. One freight train was "ditched" by a "wash-out," and the engineer and conductor killed. The Pacific Express train, on the night of the 4th, finding itself blocked on its eastward way, near Canton, Ohio, backed up some fifty miles, was divided into two sections, and switched on to a branch road to get around the flooded district. At Orrville the first section of the train broke down a weakened bridge, and the second section plunged upon it. By a miracle the passengers escaped, with some bruises, before the two trains were wrapped in flames, and a second Ashtabula horror was avoided.

At Youngstown, on the Mahoning River, the seat of some of the largest iron mills of the country, two hundred families were driven from their homes by the flood which poured through the streets of the town. No lives were lost, though the water, six feet deep, coursed through Mahoning Avenue, the principal street. At Cleveland, Ohio, at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, great damage was done to property, particularly in the lumber district along the banks of the river. Here some half a million dollars' worth of lumber was washed away, while the total loss is estimated at not less than two millions. Two gallant fellows who were rescuing some women and children were drowned. The Scioto, Anglaise, Maumee, and the Ohio River itself, all rose with extraordinary rapidity. At Wheeling, West Virginia, the Ohio rose thirty-one feet nine inches in a few hours, at Steubenville to thirty-three feet. At Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the Alleghany and the Youghiogheny join, the water rose to the height of twenty-six feet, carrying away several bridges, submerging railway tracks and warehouses, and driving the dwellers on the banks from their homes, or imprisoning them in the upper portions. On Herr's Island, in the Alleghany, a number of people were cut off from escape by the destruction of a bridge, and remained for thirty-six hours without communication, their houses flooded up to the second story.

At Titusville, Pennsylvania, Oil Creek was dammed by an ice gorge which formed near the water-works above the city. The gas-works were inundated, and the streets of the town were left in darkness during the nights of the 3d and 4th. A bridge across the creek, on which numbers had gathered to watch the flood, was carried away, and three young men were thrown into the flood. One was rescued in a dying condition, but the bodies of the others were not recovered. It is reported that five hundred families were compelled to abandon their homes, and the streets of the town are left by the receding waters strewn with blocks of ice and the ruins of dwellings, warehouses, and depots.

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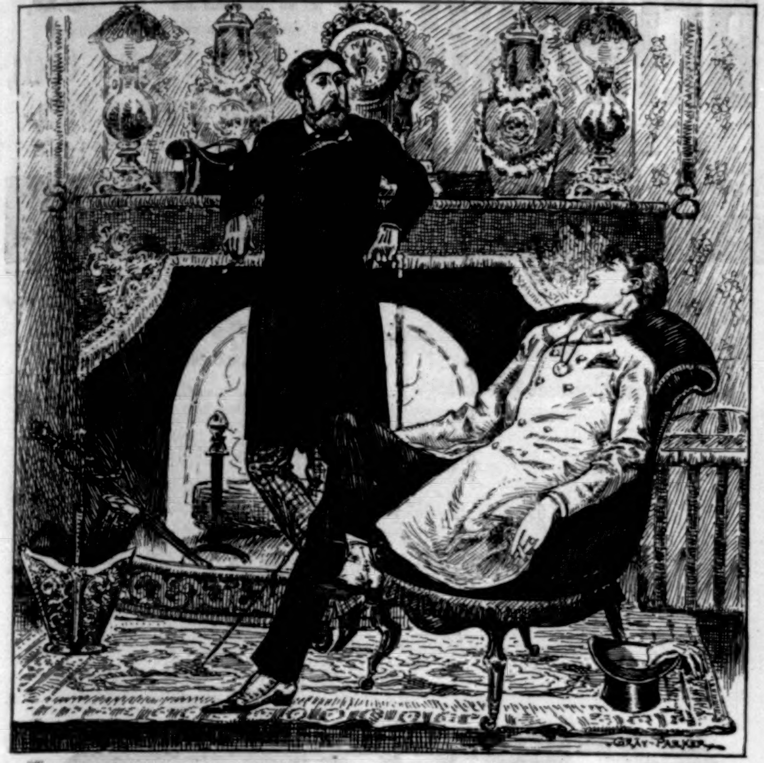

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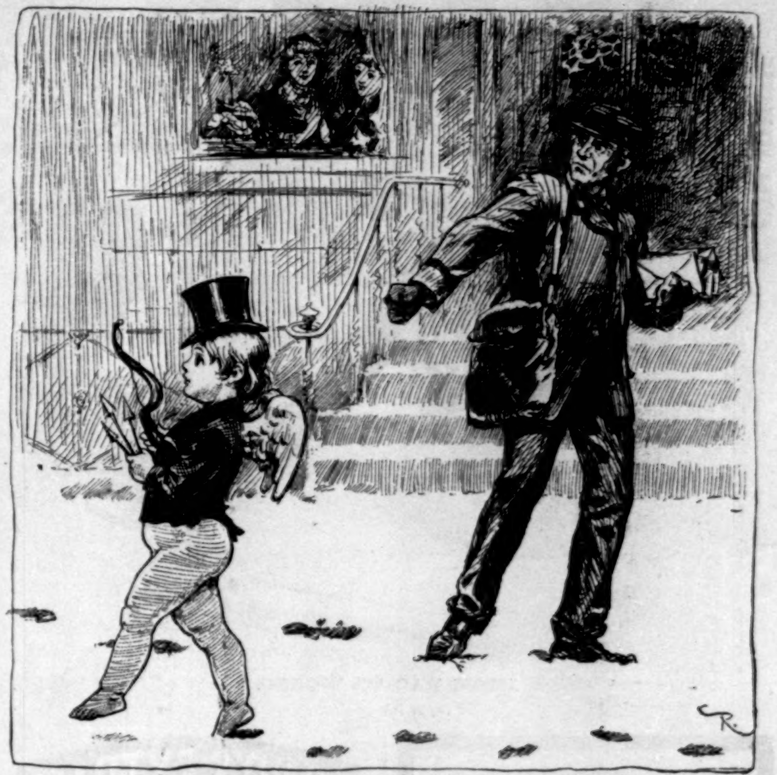

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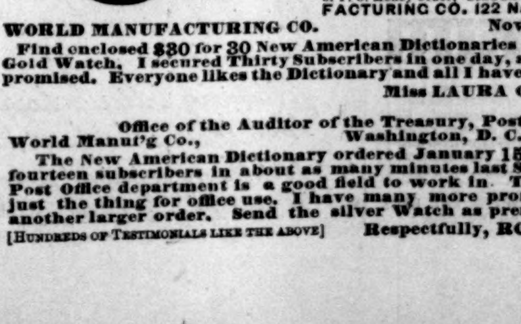

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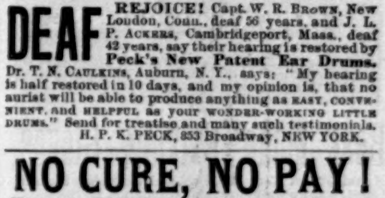
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